THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 61. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 725 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1881. $4.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 4.

FAREWELL.

BY D. T. T.

Sing me the song you were singing,
When love thrilled the music through;
And to me the world kept bringing
A magical music of you.

Give me the hand you gave me,
When you said I should call you wife,
In the hour of despair to save me,
And the death that is mine in life.

Kiss me once as you used to kiss me,
When I thought you were all my own;
I shall go, and you will not miss me,
While I shall be all alone.

Only pray that love left behind you,
And the vows you have held so light,
Have never a voice to remind you
Of a heart that is broken to-night.

Her Own Deception.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S FAITH," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

BUT Ellen did not feel quite easy about it, and came down to breakfast with pale cheeks and anxious eyes. Basil had gone already. The Squire was very ill at Camelford, having been thrown from his horse; a celebrated London surgeon had been telegraphed for, who had travelled down by special train during the night, and Doctor Goodchild and Doctor Venne were to have a consultation with him during the morning. Basil had slept at the Pleasaunce, and had driven away in the morning, leaving a message with Hugh for Constance and dropping Everard at the station on his way, for Everard was going to town by an early train from Grassmere.

Constance, lying on the floor in her room in a mute anguish more terrible than any passion of tears, heard them start, but did not dare to rise to see them go; she heard Basil's voice—the deep, cheery voice which was music to her ears—mingling with Everard's graver, quieter tones; she heard the prancing of the horses and the wheels rapidly moving away with a feeling that they were going over her heart and crushing it. Janet brought her some coffee shortly afterwards, and found her mistress dressing quietly, but with a pale face and eyes hollow with misery. She took the coffee eagerly, giving Janet a few directions to be ready for departure.

"You are not fit to go, Miss Constance," said the woman gently—for Janet's rugged exterior covered a very tender heart and she was entirely devoted to her mistress, whom she had nursed from her birth and faithfully served and watched over since. "You look dreadfully ill to day."

"I did not sleep very well," replied the girl quietly, giving a very mild statement of the case. "I am generally pale, you know, Janie."

"You have not been well lately, Miss Constance. Doctor Venne——"

"Oh, Janet if you love me, never speak to me of him again!" she cried out, as if hit with a sudden blow. "Let me get away from all this misery and forget the happy yet wretched summer as quickly as I can!"

So Janet held her peace, and merely acquiesced when Constance told her they were going to London, but that she did not wish it known.

"Once there, Janie," she said, with a heartrending attempt at playfulness, "you and I will forget all about Grassmere and be our sober, sensible selves again. Now go down and ask Miss Venne to come to me."

Ellen came, and felt no little compunction at the white cheeks and haggard looks; but Constance merely told her she was ready to go, and asked her to give some explanation to Lady Venne.

Ellen went down to do so, and soon her ladyship came up, feeling a little bewildered, but guessing at a lovers' quarrel, which would account for Basil's gloomy looks as he rejoined the party in the drawing-room the previous evening.

"This is a sudden departure, Constance," she said pleasantly. "What will Basil say to this flight?"

"I must go," replied Constance hurriedly. She was dressed to go, and wore a thick lace veil. "Will you say good-bye to Mr. Venne and Hugh and say I am very grateful for the kindness they have shown, me? And thank you."

Lady Venne looked at her in astonishment, but did not like to make any remark. Something in Constance's abrupt manner and hoarse voice, so different from her usual languid, grave, and calm soft tone, made her hesitate to question.

"Come back to us soon, my child," she said gently; and, with a sudden movement, Constance Jamieson put her arm around her and touched her cheek with her lips. The kiss was instantly returned.

Then Constance went swiftly down stairs and got into Ellen's pony-carriage, which was waiting. Miss Venne was already seated in it.

Janet and the trunks had started a few minutes before, and in a few moments they were going swiftly away down the High Street. Not a word was spoken until they approached the Grot; then Constance said in a low hoarse tone—

"I must go in for one moment; come too if you will."

Ellen followed her through the pretty quaint entrance hall into Basil's own *sanctum*, where Constance and Basil had often spent a quiet half hour over afternoon tea in the happy days, now gone for ever. It was empty and deserted, but an open book and some scattered papers on the desk showed that Basil must have paid the Grot a hurried visit when passing by that morning—for he was staying at the Pleasaunce. On the desk too was a little bouquet of old roses, which Constance herself had put there two or three days before. Very tenderly, with lingering caressing fingers, the young actress touched them, drew the papers together, and then, going to the other side of the desk, knelt down for a moment with her cheek on the open book.

Ellen felt her eyes fill as she turned away; it seemed to her that there was the bitterness of death in that simple little farewell; and for the first time a doubt flashed across her mind as the wisdom of what she had done.

For a few moments there was silence, then Constance rose, her face white and drawn as from physical suffering, and staggered rather than walked out to the carriage. Not a word we said until the station was reached, and there they found Janet waiting.

"Constance, forgive me," Ellen said then. "I cannot let you leave me so."

"There is nothing to forgive," was the gentle answer. "You are quite right. He will suffer a little, I fear. I wish I could bear it all; it comes through my fault. But, Ellen, you will make it as easy for him as you can? Do not tell him anything; let him think I came away without telling you where or why I was going; he will soon forget—I hope he may, I pray he may, and that one day he will find you a worthier sister, who will make him as happy as he deserves."

She had spoken very gently and calmly; and, as Ellen drove away, the pale steadfast face with the wistful reproach in the velvety eyes seemed to haunt her.

Standing where Ellen had left her, Constance watched the little pony carriage out of sight, then turned slowly and joined Janet in the little waiting-room.

Suddenly a familiar voice struck upon her ear, and a voice beside her said—

"Miss Courtney! Is it you indeed?"

Turning with a quick start at the name she had not heard for so long, she found herself face to face with a tall dark man, with a kindly handsome face, which altered strangely as he saw how changed she was.

"Have you been ill? I need scarcely ask; you are sadly altered."

"I have been very ill indeed," she answered quite calmly. "I am quite well now, though I dare say I am rather altered. Are you going to or coming from town, Sir Edward?"

"I am going up—waiting for the express. You don't look fit for travelling, Miss Courtney; can I be of any service to you? My poor child"—and here his formal manner completely vanished—"what has changed you so sorrowfully? Have you any trouble in which I could help you? You promised to let me be your friend on that day when you refused to give me a better right to—— Forgive me for touching upon it, and prove that you trust me."

She put out her little hand to him, and thanked him in a less assured tone than that in which she had already spoken.

"There is nothing, thank you. If there were anything, I would trust you, Sir Edward—trust you more willingly than any one else in the world, whom I could trust, but there is not."

He still held her hand, looking down at her with tenderly inquiring eyes. It spoke well for Sir Edward Newham's generosity that he still felt such an unselfish friendship for the woman who had refused his love few months before.

Before he spoke again the train came in, puffing and snorting; and, just as Sir Edward was putting Constance Jamieson into the car, a young man rushed into the station, glanced hurriedly in one or two of the carriages, opened one door, and sprang in just as the train moved on.

"Almost missed," said Sir Edward coolly, alluding to the young man.

Constance sank back on the cushion white and trembling, for in the tardy passenger she had recognized Everard Venne, and wondered fearfully whether he had seen or recognised her.

Meanwhile Everard, who, through having plunged deeply into a scientific argument with a friend of Grassmere station, had wittingly missed the early train, intending to join the express at Mountford, threw himself back in his compartment with a satisfied chuckle; and, having mentally congratulated himself on having caught the train, suddenly remembered how greatly a face he had seen as he hurried into the station had reminded him of Constance. At first he thought it must be she; then, laughing at the idea that Constance who had been too unwell to see Basil before he started, should be assisted into the train two hours afterwards at Mountford by a strange gentleman.

Everard settled himself down to his scientific book and forgot all about Constance and Basil until he reached Waterloo, where he alighted, and, turning to call a porter, he thought he saw Constance. Surely it was Constance!

Was not Janet's ugly face behind her? But the lady was leaning on the arm of a tall gentlemen in a confiding manner which spoke of love or matrimony.

Everard stood surprised gazing at them. He saw the gentleman put her in a handsome brougham which stood waiting; Janet—it was Janet—followed; then the gentleman got in: the footman shut the door, sprang up, and the coachman turned his horse just as Everard, recovering from his momentary stupefaction, bounded forward and reached the spot in time to see Constance's face, pale, startled, and terror stricken as she caught sight of him, and to read the mingled fear and anguish in her eyes as they met his; then the carriage dashed on.

What could it mean? Was that Constance Jamieson who was driving away with another man, and apparently on terms of familiar intimacy with him—she, whom his brother, gallant-true-hearted Basil, loved and believed in so entirely? Everard felt there was no room for doubt, and his heart sank at the thought of her unworthiness and his brother's trouble.

He resolved to return to Grassmere on the next day to know the truth—if he did not know it already. Could it be that Basil was deserted and his love betrayed, and that Constance was gone?

* * * * * *

Meanwhile, without a thought of the trouble in store for him, Basil Venne had driven rapidly to Camelford Park, more occupied with the thought of the trouble there than his own love affairs.

Jermyn Camelford, the Squire, had had a severe fall from his horse, and had been so dangerously injured that Doctor Goodchild had joined with Basil in wishing further advice.

The Squire was a young man, but a little older than Basil himself; they had been school and collage companions, and a warm friendship existed between them. Within the last year the friendly bonds had loosened a little. The Squire had married a "lady of high degree;" but the marriage had been one of convenience merely, and neither Jermyn nor his wife had been inclined to sacrifice any of their wishes to their happiness; and, instead of the peaceful domestic life which might have been theirs Jermyn's hot temper and Lady Grace's cold unbending resistance had widened the breach between them.

Basil was inclined to ascribe much of this to his friend, and had pitied the young wife, who looked so proud and cold, but who was so evidently unhappy: and this feeling had led him to diminish the frequency of his visits to the Park. Moreover his time of late had been too much taken up with Constance Jamieson to pay any but professional visits.

When he arrived in Camelford he found himself the first of the trio of medical men expected.

"How is your master?" he asked of the tall porter as he entered.

"Just the same, sir. No change whatever."

Basil found that Mr. Camelford still lay in the stupor in which he had remained since the accident, and which made them fear some serious injury to the brain. In the dressing room adjoining Lady Grace came to meet him with eyes swollen with watching and tears.

"Have you disobeyed me?" he said, as he shook hands. "I cannot have two patients, you know, Lady Grace. I ordered you strictly not to sit up all night."

"I did not," she faltered; "but I could not rest. Oh, Doctor Venne, if he could only speak to me again—but one word to tell me he forgave all my pride and ill temper, if he could only hear me tell him how grieved I am for it all!

"I trust there is a happy future in store for you both," said Basil Venne feelingly. "This trouble will not seem so bitter in days to come, dear Lady Grace, if it teaches you to understand each other; only you must be very brave now. We shall want your services as head nurse soon, I hope and believe."

Lady Grace shook her head sorrowfully but the words seemed to cheer her a little, for the shade on her face grew less heavy; and when Doctor Goodchild arrived with Sir Philip Foster, whom he had met at the railway station, she was able to receive them with some calmness.

The three medical men proceeded with the examination of the patient, which proved that their first surmises had been correct. A very delicate and difficult operation must

be performed forthwith, and on its success the reason, as well as the life, of Mr. Camelford must depend.

"Almost as much depends on the after care as on the operation," said Sir Philip to Doctor Goodchild. "I cannot remain to watch the result; but I trust that you or Doctor Venne can spare a day or two to give undivided attention to the case."

So it was arranged that Basil should remain, Doctor Goodchild taking his patients for a few days, during which he was to take up his abode at the Park. And the great London surgeon proceeded, with marvellous skill and delicacy, with his work. The operation was so far successful, the pressure was removed from the brain. The results lay in the next few hours.

"I have done my work," said Sir Philip, as, late in the afternoon, he re-entered the carriage which was to take him to the station. "The rest must lie with you, Doctor Venne; and with the utmost confidence I leave the patient in your care. You must allow me to express my surprise at meeting so much skill and knowledge in so young a colleague, and my hope that we shall meet again."

Then he drove away, leaving Basil not at all displeased at such a compliment from such a man.

Sending his servant home with a message to the effect that he would remain at Camelford for the present, and giving a list of his patients to Doctor Goodchild, Basil returned to his friend's bedside, and, late into the night, watched him, his professional interest in his patient quickened and excited by his friendship for him and his pity for the unhappy young wife. The hours seemed to pass slowly in the noiselessness and oppression of the sick room. The dawn was breaking in the eastern sky when Jermyn Camelford opened his eyes, and, to Basil's intense joy, recognized him at once, uttering his name in a faint but calm voice.

"Basil."

"Yes, old fellow," answered Basil, trying to hide his pleasure under an indifferent exterior. "It is I, myself. But you are not to talk yet awhile. Don't try to think," he added.

Seeing that Jermyn was trying to recall what had occurred, he administered a sedative.

"Grace," said the sick man shortly afterwards.

"I will tell her."

And Basil fetched Lady Grace, impressing on her so strongly the imperative necessity of self-control that she came to her husband's side quite calmly. He smiled faintly and repeated her name.

"Thank Heaven, my darling," she whispered, as she stooped over and kissed his hand tenderly.

The words called up a look of half-surprised pleasure on the wan face; and in a few moments, with his hand still clasped in hers, Jermyn Camelford was sleeping as quietly as a child.

Favorable as all the symptoms were, Basil was too anxious about the case to think of leaving his patient until evening, and then only a few moments for necessary rest and refreshment. He snatched time too to write a little note to Constance, which he sent to the Pleasaunce, telling her of the happy change for the better in his friend, and concluding—

"But I am too anxious to leave him for a day or two, even for a glimpse of your dear face, my child; so you will not see me until Monday. I hope the time seems as long to you as to me. Does it, Constance? Take care of yourself, my darling. Remember whose you are now. If I trust my most precious earthly treasure to your keeping, I shall expect you to guard it carefully for me."

The next morning Jermyn Camelford did not seem so well, and feverish symptoms set in, which gave his friend much anxiety. Basil was eagerly expecting Doctor Goodchild's morning visit when a servant brought him a note from his mother, which he opened and read, standing at the window of Jermyn's dressing-room, which opened into the sick man's chamber.

"My dear Basil," wrote Lady Venne, "the arrival of a note from you to Constance last evening surprised us greatly, as we all imagined that you were cognizant, not only of her departure on Wednesday morning, but of the reason of such a sudden flitting. I have sent down to the Grot and forward you your letters.

"If Constance has written, send me her address, which none of us have. We are feeling rather forlorn without a glimpse of you. Everard returned suddenly on Thursday morning, and seems ill or unhappy, and I am thinking of sending him to you for advice. I hope it is not a 'hard complaint.' I don't want to give up another of my sons! We are glad to hear favorable accounts of your patient, and all unite in kind regards and sympathy to Lady Grace.

"Ever, dear Basil, your attached mother,

"ELEANOR VENNE."

"Constance gone!" said Basil to himself. "Gone! What is the meaning of such a sudden proceeding?"

He glanced hurriedly over his letters. There was not one from her; and, though not a suspicion of the real state of the case entered his mind, for a moment he felt anxious and uneasy, and a little angry with his "lady love."

She had no right to play with his anxiety thus, or to make such sudden moves without consulting him; it was wrong to take such advantage of his love for her; she was quite unfit for travelling too. Altogether such an action was exceedingly imprudent and ill-judged; and Basil's discomfiture was visible in his face as he went back to Jermyn.

The next morning he despatched a servant early to the Grot and the Pleasaunce for letters; but, although there was a pile of epistles of all kinds, there was not a line from Constance.

As the following day brought the same result, Basil's annoyance increased to anger and he grew seriously displeased, and at last a little anxious.

The squire still continued in a precarious state; and Doctor Goodchild had his hands so full of his own and Basil's patients that he did not put in an appearance at Camelford until Monday morning, when he arrived at the same time as Everard Venne, who had driven over to see his brother. Jermyn was better that day, and, leaving him in the care of Doctor Goodchild, Basil went down to the library, where Everard waited for him.

A foreboding of evil, strong enough to make him turn pale and shudder, crossed Doctor Venne as he opened the library door; but, attributing it to the fatigue of the last week and his anxiety about Jermyn, he went in and held out his hand to his brother.

"You look done up, Basil," said Everard, as they clasped hands.

"I can't say much for your appearance, old fellow," returned Doctor Venne, trying to speak lightly. "Have you brought me a letter?"

"No."

There was a moment's pause after this; then, trying to speak lightly, Basil went on.

"And what brought you back so quickly? I thought you were going for a month at least."

Everard did not answer; he had come to Camelford to tell his brother what he had seen at Waterloo Station; but it was a hard tale to tell, and his lips seemed as if they could not frame the words which would mar his brother's happiness.

"What is it, old fellow?" asked Doctor Venne, seeing the hesitation. "Are you ill? Do you want a doctor or a brother?"

He put his hand affectionately on Everard's shoulder as he spoke.

"It was you who brought me back so soon, Basil," said Everard at last, almost desperately.

"I! How?"

But, instead of answering, Everard began to pace up and down the great room, lined from ceiling to wainscoat with books, looking so genuinely distressed that his brother felt uneasy and bewildered in the extreme.

"Basil," said Everard at length, "I would give my right hand willingly not to be the bearer of such news to you, to save you from this bitter knowledge if I could."

Basil grew pale.

"Knowledge?" he said.

"Yes."

"Of what?"

"Of her unworthiness."

For a moment Basil's proud gray eyes flashed, but Everard's were so full of sorrow and pain that the momentary anger died away; and he said simply, but in a forced, hard voice—

"Go on."

Faltering once or twice, Everard told what he had seen at Mountford Station and at Waterloo. He had returned to Grasmere the next morning, and finding his worst suspicions confirmed there by Miss Jamieson's departure and subsequent silence, he had at last made up his mind to tell Basil what he had seen and——

"Basil, old fellow——"

Here Everard broke down, and sprang forward and threw his arms round his brother, who staggered, and, but for Everard's arm, would have fallen.

For a moment—one moment of intense grief—the elder brother's head sank heavily on the younger one's shoulder.

Everard felt the convulsive shudder which passed through the powerful frame, and he set his teeth hard, and in his heart cursed Constance Jamieson.

"Air—give me air!" said Basil hoarsely, after a minute. "I cannot breathe!"

Everard flung open the window, and the cool October breeze swept into the room, blowing with keen freshness on Basil's burning, throbbing brow as he raised himself from his brother's shoulder, pale, indeed, still; but, the oppression gone, the momentary faintness passed away.

"You will not hate me, Basil," said Everard wistfully, his heart bleeding for the anguish he had been forced to cause.

"Hate you, Everard!" And Basil's hand closed over his with a strong clasp.

"She is not worth a regret," said Everard passionately — "the false, treacherous woman!"

"But I loved her," replied Doctor Venne, in a tone of such mournful bitterness that it went to Everard's heart; and there was silence. "There is no place in my heart for anger yet," said Basil in a moment. "I must appear almost childish in your eyes, Everard; but, if you had loved, as I loved her, you would feel that in the treachery of one you loved thus your happiness had received a death-blow. I am stronger now, and you must try to forget, old fellow, how near I was to making a woman of myself."

"One thing more you can do for me, Everard—tell them at the Pleasaunce as much or as little as you will, only beg them never to mention her name to me again."

"Basil, my dear, dear brother!"

Basil put his hand on his brother's shoulder, his lip trembling a little at this unusual display of emotion from quiet, reserved Everard.

"Thanks, old fellow," he said simply.

After a moment he spoke again in almost his natural manner.

"I must leave you now, Everard. I want to hear Doctor Goodchild's verdict. Camelford is decidedly better this morning, and a day or two more will release me from my attendance here. Give my love to my mother and Ellen, and remember, I trust you——"

He broke off abruptly, wrung his brother's hand, and left him; and Everard drove back to the Pleasaunce with a heavy heart.

When Basil rejoined Doctor Goodchild and the invalid, he was to all appearance quite calm and composed; but there was a very unusual expression of sternness on his face, and he looked an older man than he had done an hour before.

Having quietly discussed the improvement in Mr. Camelford with Doctor Goodchild, he went down with him to the carriage, and they stood together for a moment on the broad steps leading from the entrance door, and contemplated the fair scene before them.

"Is anything wrong with you, Venne?" asked the elder man, after a moment. "You are looking haggard and worn out; but I do not think it is physical indisposition. Is it anything in which I can assist you? I have known you from a lad, remember, and look upon you almost as a son."

Basil turned to him gratefully, but for a moment did not speak.

"I am quite well," he replied, "as far as bodily health goes; but I am going through an experience which I suppose most men have to go through at some period of their lives. Mine comes late, so it cuts deep."

"What is it?" asked the old Doctor gently.

"The discovery of the utter unworthiness of one to whom I had given my heart's best love, and whom I trusted utterly and completely."

"Miss Jamieson!" exclaimed Doctor Goodchild. "Impossible! She seemed truth and sweetness itself."

"She is a woman, and—false," was the bitter answer.

"Nay," said the other earnestly—"dismiss that idea; do not let the misconduct of one prejudice you thus, Basil. Remember that among women of whom you speak so bitterly are your mother and sisters. Judge from them, not from the unhappy girl who has deceived you."

Basil's face, so set and stern, softened a little as he shook the old man's hand; and Doctor Goodchild drove away, shaking his head over the trouble which had fallen upon his young colleague.

Jermyn Camelford progressed steadily now, and on the following Monday Basil felt that he could leave him safely to the care of the nurse whom Sir Philip had sent from London; but Lady Grace so earnestly entreated him to remain at Camelford for the present, to sleep there and make his rounds as usual, that Basil, who dreaded the sympathy he should meet with at the Pleasaunce as much as the Grot, was easily prevailed upon to remain.

He recommenced his work, throwing himself heart and mind into it, trying manfully to battle with his grief; but it would have required a very careless observer not to discover the change in him; and soon it oozed out in the village that his engagement was over, and Miss Jamieson gone.

Openly as it was spoken of in some circles, the subject was tacitly but entirely avoided at the Pleasaunce.

Ellen had returned to Croydon with Captain and Mrs. Bently, and only his mother's increased tenderness and the lingering kiss which she pressed on his brow when they met, and the sympathy of her gentle "My poor Basil," betrayed the home knowledge of the blow which had fallen upon him.

Secretly in the depths of her heart Lady Venne was not very sorry.

She would have preferred a less charming daughter-in-law if she were less mysterious, one whose position was well defined, and of whose connections and antecedents there could be no doubt.

"I wish so much that we could do something for Doctor Venne, Jermyn," said Lady Grace as she was at breakfast one morning near Christmastide with her husband.

They were in her own little sitting-room, for Jermyn, though almost himself again, was still sufficiently an invalid to warrant a late breakfast, a deep arm-chair, and dressing-gown and slippers.

The young couple looked very cosy and comfortable at the breakfast-table, with its silver and delicate china and perfect appointments, drawn up near the blazing wood-fire which blazed in the hearth.

Mr. Camelford's accident had had a happy result for them; it had made the husband more thoughtful and gentle, the young wife more patient and forbearing; and the love which had been wanting in that household was stealing into it with noiseless but perceptible strides.

Jermyn had been glancing over the newspapers, but he put them aside, and looked up when his wife spoke.

"I wish so, too, Gracie," he replied earnestly, and then looked thoughtfully into the red fire as if it would inspire him with some happy idea of "doing something" for Doctor Venne.

"He looks so wretchedly ill and worn," said Lady Grace with a tremor in her sweet voice; "and I feel that I owe him so much, Jermyn, such an inestimable depth of gratitude for his care of you, that I cannot bear to see him unhappy."

Mr. Camelford pressed the little jewelled hand, which lay temptingly near his own.

"I should like to know the ins and outs of the breaking of his engagement," he said musingly. "He was evidently very devoted, and the girl looked charming enough to excuse any amount of devotion. Who was she, bye-the-bye, Gracie? You met her once at the Pleasaunce, I think?"

"Yes, but she was merely introduced as Miss Jamieson, and Ellen Venne never gave me any particulars when we talked over the engagement. Her manners were perfect, and she was, as you say, very charming."

"I can't think where I saw a face like hers a year or two ago, but the remembrance always haunted me whenever I saw her. Who broke it off, Gracie?"

"I do not know," she answered. "It must have been at that time when I was too full of anxiety about my dear husband to look after my neighbors' affairs; but, looking back, I can remember Everard Venne driving over one morning and being shut up in the library with Basil for half an hour, and then going away with a very melancholy visage. I was coming from the drawing room, when I met Basil leaving the library, looking so terribly white that I thought he was going to faint. Don't laugh, Jermyn."

"Basil does not look much like a fainting subject, Gracie."

"He did then," she replied. "I asked him if he was ill. He said no, and passed on; but, after that day the change we all noticed now came over him. I fear he is very unhappy."

"I shall be jealous, Gracie," said her husband laughingly; but seeing her distress he added gravely, "I am afraid she treated him badly. And yet that is rather strange, for it seems to me that few women would reject such a suitor. What say you Gracie? Shall we try a hair of the dog that bit him, and give him an antidote to Miss Jamieson?"

"How, dear Jermyn?"

"Give him another attraction. Many a heart is caught in the rebound, you know. Don't you think your little friend Minna Gregson would make him an excellent wife?"

"Oh, Jermyn," exclaimed Lady Grace, all her match-making propensities coming into play, "it would be delightful! But do you think——"

And Lady Grace hesitated and looked doubtful.

"She is just the pretty fragile fairy to suit a man like Venne," continued Mr. Camelford. "The large, pleading, blue eyes will soon do the work, and that clinging little way of hers will charm him. Besides, that childish baby manner will be just the thing to fascinate him after Miss Jamieson's *sang-froid* and knowledge of the world. She was intellectual too, I fancy, which Minna is not altogether. Basil can fall in love with her, without being disagreeably reminded of the 'old love.'"

"How can we manage it, Jermyn?" asked his wife, entering into his plans with eager interest and warmth. "It would be so delightful, and we could have the wedding here. I am sure Minna's stepmother would be pleased to escape the bother. Now, arch-plotter that you are, how are we to set about it?"

"Nothing is more simple," replied Jermyn Camelford, laughing. "Oh, you women! How eager you are to entrap an unwary fellow creature! If I am not strong enough for a houseful of guests this Christmas, Gracie, or to accept any of the warm invitations we have received, which of course"—and he made an odd grimace—"I regret deeply, I do require some amusement. If you are a good little wife you will invite a quiet party of your old friends to spend a few weeks here; and, if Minna and Basil Venne happen to hit it off, I for one won't accuse you of any match-making intentions regarding them."

Lady Grace laughed gaily. Her husband's suggestion delighted her.

Minna Gregson was a bright, sweet, and pretty girl, not very intellectual, but highly educated and well-read. She had a dower, too, and Lady Grace was very fond of her, so it would be delightful, she thought, to have her settled so near herself at the Grot. She was the wife of all others for Basil Venne, just the tender, clinging flower which would charm his strong resolute nature; and Lady Grace almost felt as if she herself were in some way responsible for his happiness, and longed most earnestly to see him his old self again.

So the two kind-hearted conspirators set about laying their plans; the invitations were written and projects discussed, and details arranged, and then Lady Grace drove to the Pleasaunce and extorted a promise from Lady Venne that she and Mr. Venne would join their young people for a few days at least.

Lady Venne was some distant relative of Lady Grace and though at first she hesitated to leave home at Christmas, the younger lady's entreaties and the warm gratitude that she evinced towards Basil soon prevailed, and the promise was given.

"I think the change will do Ellen good," said Lady Venne as they parted. "She has been dissipating at Croydon, I suppose, for she seems a little unlike herself just now. I don't know what's in the air, but both she and Everad seem in the blues."

Then very gently Lady Grace touched upon Basil's trouble and his altered looks; and Lady Venne could not be offended, so sincere was the sympathy in her visitor's blue eyes.

"I know so little of the matter, dear Lady Grace," she said gently; "almost as little as yourself; but that she was unworthy of my boy's love I feel sure. Everard and Ellen know more than I do, but the subject is painful to all of us, and we have let it rest. Hugh, however, will believe nothing against Miss Jamieson, and affirms confidently that we shall some day discover that we have wronged her. I have no such hope, and from a word or two Everard has let drop I believe he has proofs to the contrary."

So Lady Grace drove away. The invitation to Minna Gregson was dispatched, and the conspiracy was so far successful that both Basil Venne and Minna Gregson agreed to join the Christmas party at Camelford Park.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SPRINGS GONE BY.

BY EMILY PFEIFFER.

With the flying scud, with the birds on the wing,
We wandered forth at the close of day;
Our faint hearts swelled with the life of the spring,
As the young buds burgeon on branch and spray.
As we heard the sheltering coppice ring
With a burst of joy too full for words,
Our hearts sung, too, but of what strange thing
We knew no more than the singing birds.

We stood 'mid the gorse on the golden hill
As the sun went down on a sea of mist;
Though its glory was lingering around us still,
We were sad at heart, for the end we wist.
A homeless breath that was wandering chill
Had found a voice in the evening breeze,
And the silent birds that had sung their fill
Were asleep in the shade of the feathery trees.

"Soul of the younger springs gone by,
Why haunt us with that breath forlorn,
Avenging with a ghostly sigh,
Too sad for words, the words we scorn?"
We said, when, lo! the coppice nigh
Gave forth a voice, and we had done—
It seemed to touch the stars on high,
It almost might recall the sun.

Dear bird of Love, fond nightingale,
That first all the grove with song,
Till we, who catch the tender tale,
Forget the years that lie us wrong—
Glad birds that no lost springs bewail,
Sweet hearts that are not sad and wise—
Wake the spring night, young nightingale,
And we will see it with thine eyes.

It Was the Cat.

BY W. J. BRETT.

THERE never was a more proper person than Miss Martha Monckton.

She had never done anything to shock people in all her life, and thought she never should; but man proposes and the fates dispose; and little did Miss Monckton know what she should come to, as, on a Friday afternoon—Friday is an unlucky day—she sat at her window, working on a croquet scrap-bag, and watching the movements of her opposite neighbor, or rather of her opposite neighbor's youngest daughter, Miss Letitia Quirk.

Miss Letitia, eighteen years old, black-eyed, black-haired, rosy-cheeked,—"a forward-looking girl," Miss Martha Monckton pronounced her, sat at an upper window, habited in pale pink muslin, with pink shell pin and earrings, and a pale-blue bow in her hair.

Below in his garden, her excellent papa pottered about, expending all his energy of mind and body on farming operations.

In the dining-room window sat the young lady's mamma, counting napkins and cultivating a large wrinkle between the eyes because napkins number twenty-one, two and three had been used at dinner instead of napkins twenty-four, five and six.

Behind her, in the pantry, the jams and jellies stood in rows.

All that was eatable or drinkable, all that was made of glass, silver, china, or linen, was evidently well-ordered in that mansion.

But that piece of pink and white prettiness, the daughter of the house—was it so with her?

Miss Monckton thought not.

"I'd like to tell her mamma," she said to herself, "but I suppose I shouldn't be thanked for it."

Then she looked again, and felt sure that Miss Letitia was talking in pantomime, with some use of the finger alphabet, to an unseen young man.

It might—since the person was unseen—have been a young woman; but Miss Monckton felt sure it was not.

"She's going through signs of putting on her hat and cloak," said she to herself. "Now she's pointing downstairs and shaking her head. She means her papa and mamma. How disrespectful! Now she's kissing her hand. She's flirting with someone."

Ah, if Miss Monckton had but known!

Flirtation is bad enough, but Letitia Quirk had gone still farther.

Had that elderly lady's glasses been stronger, or had she understood the finger alphabet better, she would have known that at that moment Letitia was arranging an elopement for that night.

On the roof of his parents' residence, hidden behind a chimney, Humphrey Horton, only son of Doctor Giles Horton, the principal physician of Strawberrytown, was, at that instant, saying with his thumbs and fingers:

"I will be at the cross-roads with a carriage at two o'clock to-night."

It was certainly time that Letitia's parents left their cabbages and jam-pots to themselves and took a little heed of their daughter.

The solitary supper of Miss Martha Monckton was soon despatched, and she took her knitting out upon the porch in the twilight.

The Quirk dinner-bell did not ring for half an hour; and as she saw the lights in the window the spinster thought how nice it was to have a family about one. Pussy was all she had to love her; and where was Pussy? "Here, Puss, Puss, Puss!" she called; but Pussy did not, as usual, spring into her lap with a purr and rub her head against the lady's chin.

"I hope nothing has happened to Puss," said Miss Monckton, in a fright; and rising, went round the house to the kitchen end to ask Minty whether Pussy was there. But Minty had not seen the cat, nor heard the little bell it wore tied by a pink ribbon about its gray neck, and for two hours at least Miss Monckton searched house and grounds, and even the gardens of her next door neighbors, for the lost pet.

At last the search was given up. Miss Monckton decided that her treasure was either stolen or dead, and went home to cry about it.

She sat up unusually late that night, hoping against hope, but Pussy did not return, and at last she went to bed. She did not sleep well, however, and just as the clock struck two she started awake with a vivid impression that she heard the cat's familiar voice.

"Poor thing!" said Miss Monckton: "some wicked boy has scared her. I'll go down for her."

Now, the facts of the case were these: Pussy was not the martyr her mistress believed her. On the contrary, she was a culprit who had been fitly punished.

True to her nature, she was fond of fish, and seeing some set to warm on the hearth in Mrs. McMahon's kitchen, had helped herself. Mrs. McMahon, detecting her in the act, and furious at the loss of her supper, had flogged her well and shut her up in a wash-boiler, from which she had just liberated her.

The unwonted usage had suggested to Pussy that the world had turned against her, and consequently when her mistress, hastily attired in slippers and wrapper, appeared at the door, she refused to obey her voice, and instead of "coming," as she was requested, ran away.

"I've no doubt those bad boys have been tying a kettle to her tail, or something," said Miss Monckton. "I must catch her." And catching up a large waterproof from the hall rack, she threw it over her head, and ran down the village street.

A cat chase is, as you will acknowledge, a very exciting sort of thing. Puss led Miss Monckton a long one.

Just when she thought she had her, the creature doubled and fled. When she actually caught her, she slipped through her fingers.

At last, coming to that corner which was called by the Strawberryites "the cross-roads," behold a carriage apparently empty, and the door open, and into this open door rushed Pussy, flying from her best friend with the wilfulness and inconstancy of her kind.

But Miss Monckton was faithful. She saw the opportunity of capturing her poor demented favorite, and rushing to the carriage, thrust in her arms.

Instantly they were caught by a man's strong hands, she was dragged in, the door shut, and before she could utter a cry, the carriage was driven away at a furious pace.

As I said, it was a sky of curds and whey, and this was a dark moment for the world.

Miss Monckton could not see who held her, but she had no doubt the purpose of the individual was murder.

As yet she could not speak, but she tried to see her captor, who still held her hand. Horror of horrors! what was he doing now! Hugging her!

"Don't be frightened my love," he said. "Don't tremble so, my darling; I will make you very happy."

"Gracious goodness!" said Miss Monckton to herself; "have I lived to be fifty years old to be eloped with!"

And now she found her voice.

"Open the carriage door!" she cried; "let me out this instant! I don't know who you are; but you never could make me happy—never! Let me out!"

"Heaven deliver us!" ejaculated the still unseen gentleman. "Who is this?"

At this instant the moon rushed out from under a cloud and lay in perfect silver glory in a sea of blue.

Miss Monckton saw her captor's face.

"It's Humphrey Horton!" she cried.

"I believe it is Miss Monckton!" said Humphrey.

"What did you drag me in this carriage for?"

"Why did you get in?" asked the young gentleman.

"I was trying to catch Pussy," said Miss Monckton; and suddenly she felt the truth borne in upon her.

"You wicked young man!" she exclaimed. "You were here to elope with Letitia Quirk. I saw her signals to-day, but I did not understand them until now. Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"Miss Monkton, when two people love each other they want to get married," said poor Humphrey, who was only twenty-one.

It was a simple plea, but it touched the poor spinster's heart.

"Well, I don't know but what they do, Humphrey," she said with rural caution of expression. "But they ought to marry properly, not like this. Carrying a girl off in the middle of the night isn't the way."

"Not if you were not bothered and badgered and tormented," sighed Humphrey. "Poor Letitia! I wonder where she is! We must go back."

"Of course," said Miss Monckton. "And you must go away. Humphrey, don't coax that girl to do wrong. I'll speak to Mrs. Quirk. I'll get her to agree to your marriage. There's nothing against you I know of. Now, be sensible, and you shall have her yet, and I'll come to the wedding."

They drove back. There was no sign of Letitia on the road, though lights were shining in the house, and the disappointed lover shrewdly suspected the truth—namely, that Letitia had been caught by her indignant father in the very act of leaving the house.

Miss Martha slipped out of the carriage with Pussy in her arms, praying that Minty might get awake and see her, and feeling so terrified as though the elopement had actually been her own. But she called on Mrs. Quirk the next day, and the interview ended happily for the lovers—either because of the tale of her own life that she told, the revelation of their daughter's indiscretion, or a certain little promise that she made.

"I've nobody to leave my property to," she said to Mrs. Quirk," and if you let Letitia have Humphrey, I'll make my will in their favor to-morrow."

"Kinder-sing'lar," said the Widow Williams at the next tea-drinking she attended, "that Humphrey Horton and young Mrs. Horton should have gone to live with Miss Monckton. She ain't no kin of theirn."

But, nevertheless, there they were—a very happy little family, too; and little Miss Monckton was never lonely again. Letitia's children sat on her knee, and called her auntie, and played with grny old Pussy, who lay upon the rug for many years.

"It's all Pussy's doings," Miss Monckton used to say. "If she had not run away, you would not be here."

But naturally the children did not understand.

HOW THE PRESIDENTS LOOKED.—The Presidents of the United States were generally of good personal appearance. The extremes in point of stature were in Polk and Lincoln—the latter of whom was six feet four, while the former was a little more than five feet three. Van Buren was a small man. The first four were men of much dignity. Concerning Washington nothing need be added on this point. He was the beau ideal of manly beauty even in his latter days, and when Stuart undertook to paint his portrait, the artist was so overcome by the majesty of his patron that at first he was unable to proceed with his task. John Adams lacked Washington's noble statue and grandeur of mien, but he was a man of much dignity. Jefferson was of noble personnel—tall, well built and of imposing appearance. Madison had merely a respectable look, and being dressed in black presented much the appearance of a clergyman. Monroe and Washington were the only Presidents that served in the field during the Revolution. They were together at Trenton, where Monroe was a lieutenant and received a ball which he carried through life. He was the last of the Revolutionary Presidents, and wore the cocked hat and Continental uniform, which became him to a remarkable degree. John Quincy Adams, like his father, was stout, thick set, and deficient in point of stature. Jackson was tall, gaunt, with bristling hair, high cheek bones, and a nervous but defiant countenance. Van Buren lacked personal dignity, and, indeed was one of the most deficient of all our Presidents in physique. Harrison was a man of much personal dignity. Tyler was a spare-faced man, with a broad, thin nose, which gave him rather a comical appearance. Polk was, as has been said, a small man, with a cold, repulsive countenance, and a hard, staring pair of eyes, that were singularly free from anything like a kindly, genial look. Taylor was a heavy built man, with a rough visage, as might have been expected of one whose life was passed on the frontier. He was a bred soldier and loved the service. His face had a pleasant smile at times, but was often impressed with the stern character of military life. Fillmore had a lymphatic countenance—dull, except when lit up by business or pleasure. He was agreeable in society and interesting in conversation much beyond his predecessors. He was of much more than the average size and of proportions which suggested dignity if not elegance. Buchanan was a feeble old gentleman, whose white choker suggested the clerical order.

GAELIC PROVERBS.—Twenty-one captains over twenty soldiers. The birds live, though not all hawks. "It is the bigger of that," as the wren said when it dropped something in the sea. Big eggs never came from a wren?" said the eagle. "Far above thee," said the wren, (on the eagle's back.) Howling is natural to dogs. He is a fine man if you don't ask of him. The wren spreads his feet high in his own house. The highway is high and may be trod. You would be a good messenger to send for death. The longest lay will end at last. The old woman is the better of being warned, but not of being burned. It would be thick water that would wash his face. He sat very awry when he did that. You were born far from the house of good manners. You were not in when sense was being shared. Your grandmother's death is long in your memory. It is a big beast that there is not room for outside. An inch off a man's nose is a great deal. "There is meat and music here," as the fox said when he ran away with the bagpipe. You spoiled a dwarf and did not make a man. "Two will have peace to-night, myself and the white horse," as the wife said when her husband died. Like the white horse at the mill door, thinking more than he said. Like the old cow's tail, always last. "You may be a good man," as Neil of the Mountain said to the cat, "but you haven't the face of one." The sea will settle when it marries. When he thatches his head he will thatch his house.

For nearly three hours they sat in the secret trysting-place conjuring up the familiar images of love's young dream. At the expiration of that time her father appeared upon the scene with anger in his eye and a pitchfork in his hand. "Fly, fly," she exclaimed, "or you are lost!" But he had been sitting on an ounce of chewing-gum that had treacherously slipped from her pocket, and he couldn't have flown if he had been a bald-headed eagle. Two years later she was wooed and won by another young man, but she always preserved the strips of Alfonso's pantaloons that her father bore home in triumph upon the prongs of the pitchfork. True love can never die.

Bric-a-Brac.

LADIES' FAVORS.—Handkerchiefs, gilt-edged, and worked with initials and crests, used to be worn by gentlemen in their hats as favors from ladies. In a later day they were worn around the neck.

THE MAGISTRATES' BOOTS.—Among the Chinese no relics are more valuable than the boots worn by a magistrate. If he resigns and leaves the city, a crowd accompany him from his residence to the gates, where his boots are drawn off with great ceremony, to be preserved in the hall of justice.

IF YOU PLEASE.—When the Duke of Wellington was dying, the last thing that he took was a little tea. On his servant it handing to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words; how much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them? Don't forget three little words, "If you please."

FIRE, WATER AND FAME.—It happened that Fire, Water and Fame went to travel together (as you are going now); they consulted that, if they lost each other, how they might be retrieved, and meet again. Fire said, "Wherever you see smoke there shall you find me." Water said, "Where you see moorish low ground, there shall you find me." But Fame said, "Take heed how you lose me; for if you do, you will run a great hazard never to meet me again: there's no retrieving of me."

SHORT AND TALL.—The shortest of mankind are the Bushmen and related tribes in South Africa, with an average height not far exceeding four feet six inches. The tallest race of man is less than one-fourth higher than the shortest, a fact which seems surprising to those not used to measurements. In general the stature of the women of any race may be taken as about one-sixteenth less than that of the men. Thus, a man of five feet eight inches and a woman five feet four inches, look an ordinary, well-matched couple.

UP SALT RIVER.—Many far-fetched theories have been given concerning the origin of the political phrase "Up Salt River," but we first heard it explained as referring to a small stream of this name in Kentucky, the passage of which is rendered difficult and dangerous by shallows, bars, and a very crooked channel, with nothing to be gained if these were surmounted. A boat's crew that rowed their craft up Salt River were used up in their passage to no profit, and a defeated political party thoroughly exhausted in the campaign, were likened by their adversaries to the adventurers afore said.

WHAT IS STEEL?—Blister steel is made by causing the carbon of charcoal to penetrate iron in a heated state. German steel is blister steel rolled down into bars. Shear steel is made by hammering blister steel. Double-shear steel is made by cutting up blister steel and putting it together and hammering again. Crucible steel is made by melting in a pot blister steel and wrought iron or unwrought iron and charcoal and scrap. Bessemer steel is made by blowing air through cast iron, burning the silicon and carbon out. Open hearth steel is made by melting pig iron and mixing wrought iron or scrap steel or iron ore to reduce the silicon and carbon.

INDIAN BURIAL.—Among the Indian tribes on the Amazon, on the death of a husband or wife, it is the custom for the survivor to cry now and then during the space of one year, but not after that time; and when it thunders they imagine they hear the voice of the deceased. Interment takes place soon after death, as soon as the goods of the deceased, which it is thought may be useful to him in another world, can be scraped together; his canoe forms his coffin, being cut to the proper length, and boarded up at the ends and at the top; in this the deceased and his goods are placed, and he is buried as near the centre of the house, at the depth of six or seven feet, as the previous interment of other bodies will permit.

SOME OLD ANIMALS.—A wealthy French landowner has founded upon his estate a private asylum for superannuated animals, which, except for his protection would perish of neglect. Many of the inmates of this strange establishment have attained extraordinary ages. The patriarch of the family is a mule in his seventy-third year; next come a cow thirty-six years old, a pig of twenty-seven, and a goat of eighteen summers. In the quarters assigned to fowls the visitor is introduced to a goose in its thirty-eighth year, whose paunch touches the ground and whose feet are disfigured by countless warts. In the aviary are a sparrow in his thirty-second year, and a bullfinch reputed to be twenty-eight years old.

LOYAL TILL DEATH.—During the Crusades, Henry, Count of Champagne, visited the Syrian chief of the Assassins. The Frank prince boasted of the courage of his fellow Crusaders; the Assassin signed to two of his followers to leap from the towers of his castle, and they plunged down to certain death. Peter the Great and Frederick I. of Prussia are the subjects of a similar story. "Let us see," said the Czar, "which of us is obeyed the best. Order one of your troopers to jump down this precipice." Frederick gave the word. The German soldier asked permission to go home and say good-bye to his wife before making the leap. Peter signed to a Cossack. The man dashed forward to the giddy verge, when the Czar dragged him back. "My subjects," he exclaimed to Frederick, "place my orders before their families."

FOUND DEAD.

BY F. B.

Found dead; dead and alone;
There was nobody near, nobody near
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone,
No mother, no brother, no sister dear,
Not a watching eye or pitying tear,
Found dead—dead and alone
In the roofless street on a pillow of stone.

Many a weary day went by,
While wretched and worn he begged for bread;
Tired of life and longing to lie
Peacefully down with the silent dead.
Hunger and cold and scorn and pain,
Had wasted his form and seared his brain,
Till at last on a bed of frozen ground,
With a pillow of stone was the outcast found.

Found dead—dead and alone
On a pillow of stone in the roofless street—
Nobody heard his last faint moan,
Or knew when his sad heart ceased to beat.
No mourner lingered with tears or sighs,
But the stars looked down with pitying eyes,
And the chill winds passed with a wailing sound
O'er the lonely spot where his form was found.

Found dead,—yet NOT alone;
There was somebody near, somebody near
To claim the wanderer as His own.
And find a home for the homeless here.
One, when every human door
Is closed to children accursed and poor,
Who opens the Heavenly portals wide,
Ah! God was near when the outcast died.

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THAT LIVES," "THE FATAL LILIES," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—(CONTINUED.)

I SHOULD have been quite content to die at her feet; but I did not say so; and we went on to the nursery.

"Rose and Ru come directly and kiss Gabriel; he is a great man now!" cried Lady May; and when the sweet faces were raised to mine, and the little warm lips kissed me, I was quite content.

About this time a new personage appeared on the scene—the young Earl of Aberdale, who since his majority had been traveling in the East. He returned just in the midst of the London season and became a "lion" at once. Although he was my rival, I must in justice say that he was a handsome, manly young fellow, without pride, meanness, or affectation. If there was any drawback to a character naturally noble and good, it was that the young earl was slightly eccentric. He was peculiar in this respect, that he would never believe there was anything base or mean in human nature.

He was immensely popular. He was a great patron of the fine arts, and a kindred taste brought him very much under the notice of the Marchioness of Doone. She spoke most highly of him; and the declaration went forth from her lips that he was one of the cleverest young men and the best match in England. After that, there was, of course, no more to be said. He possessed one of the grandest ancestral homes in the country; and he was wealthy, not only because he had a large rent roll, but because the savings during his minority had been well invested for him and had doubled themselves. Lastly, he was an ardent politician on the side of the people.

He fell in love at once with Lady May. How any woman could resist him I cannot imagine. He had a dark, handsome face, with fine patrician features, and looked like one born to command. The first time he saw Lady May Flemyng he fell in love with her passionately, madly, as I had done; but, whether there was any hope for him no one could tell.

It seemed to me that Lady May was rather more gracious to him than to her other lovers. I came to the conclusion that if he persevered he would be accepted, for there was much about him that she liked and admired. He had made a name for himself as an intrepid traveler; some of the stories told of him proved that he had dauntless courage; and Lady May was a hero-worshipper. It was only natural that they should care for each other, being both young, handsome, gifted and wealthy.

"Well, if she loved him, and he could make her happy, I would not repine. I loved her so unselfishly that her happiness was mine. Ah, I learned then what the torture of jealousy was like!

Lord Aberdale was very kind to me, he liked me, and on all possible occasions sought my society, and he admired my poems.

"What a power it is," he said to me once, "to be able to express yourself in poetry! Do you know, I would exchange my earldom for your wonderful gift. Many beautiful thoughts, and, I believe, noble ideas, come to me, but I have not the power of uttering them."

"A man may have eloquence enough without writing poetry," I replied.

"The soul of a poet speaks," he said, "and his words never die."

At times he would talk to me about Lady May, her beauty, her originality of thought, her wit, and the amusing manner in which she managed her train of courtiers; he thought her the truest and most perfect woman he had ever met.

When I remember how I loved her, I cannot tell how I endured my life. Lord Aberdale was no timid lover; he had made up his mind to woo Lady May, to win her if he could, and nothing daunted him. He secured the friendship of the earl, and did all that was possible to make the countess like him, and he succeeded.

He asked for an introduction to Ru and Rose, and completely won their hearts by the marvelous stories he related. As Lady May seemed to delight in his companionship, there was nothing for me but to stand by and suffer.

So it came about that another visitor made himself quite at home in Lady Lulworth's nursery.

Under the pretext of bringing toys or books for the children, Lord Aberdale joined us almost daily in our visits to the little ones; and the happiest hours of our lives were spent in the bright, cheerful playroom at Helme House.

How often I wished that the young earl would fall in love with Miss Sheridan. But every one could see where his heart was; and it seemed to me that Lady May did not discourage him. It was of no use feeling sore and bitter. There had never been any chance for me.

I remember well one evening when Lady May, Miss Sheridan, Lord Aberdale and I happened to be together in the drawing-room at Helme House.

"You have never asked me to sing, Gabriel," said Lady May. "Do you remember how, when we were children, we made duets of all the songs we knew?"

"I wish I were a child now," I answered, in a low tone.

"Would you like to sing with me again?" she said. "I will do something for you far better than that; I will sing for you. Here is a little song that I have set to music myself."

Lord Aberdale came forward eagerly but with a pretty, graceful gesture she held up her hand.

"No, my lord," she said; "this song is for my Poet-Laureate."

He laughed and went back again. The words were kind, but they angered me. If she sent me away for him, I should have been half mad with jealousy; I should have detected in her conduct a certain sign of preference; but that which hurt and stung me was that Lord Aberdale only laughed. There was no sign of jealousy, no darkening face, no frown; he merely laughed and returned to his place. Yet that laugh spoke volumes to me. It showed me that he was not jealous of me, and it showed me why. I was not worth the trouble. He liked me well enough, but socially I was not his equal. I saw that he considered me quite beyond the pale of those who could be admirers of the heiress of Chesney Manor.

"We must all give way to Mr. Holmes," he said, good naturedly.

"Necessity knows no law," rejoined Lady May. "Now, Gabriel, come and hear me sing. Mind, you must tell me exactly what you think of my voice. Every one else flatters me; but you must tell me the truth."

This is the song she sang to one of the sweetest melodies I have ever heard. It is called "Memory in Dreams."

"I fall asleep.
Then he arrives, and whispers in my ear,
The past is not; he whom you love is here.
No longer weep,

"'I am not dead,'
He says, and takes me gently by the hand,
And leads me to the pleasant yellow sand
We used to tread.

"He softly talks
Of all the things we talked of long ago;
And I am happy, pacing to and fro
Those well-loved walks.

"But, when I try
To tell of what has happened since that day,
He goes. Ah me, he slowly faded away!
I wake—and cry."

"There, Gabriel," said Lady May, with a smile; 'how do you like it? The words are quaint and pretty; are they not?"

"The words are beautiful; but the music is even more beautiful."

"You are sure to think so," she said, archly, "because I composed it. The words haunted me until I was compelled to set them to music. I suppose, Gabriel, you did not think that I had a soul above jewelry and dresses?"

"I have never thought any such thing," was my indignant reply.

"Then why do you not say something about my other qualities?"

I had no time to answer, for Lord Aberdale came up to us.

"How are we to thank you, Lady May, for that most beautiful song?" he said.

"By keeping silence concerning it, my lord," she replied.

I said to myself, with a cynical smile:

"This bitter love is sorrow in all lands,
Drooping of eyelids, wringing of stretched hands,
Sighing of hearts, and filling up of graves—
A sign across the head of the world bestows."

"I am sure," said Lord Aberdale, with bland politeness, for which I could have most cheerfully knocked him down, "we ought all to tender our thanks to Mr. Holmes for having evoked so beautiful a song."

Lady May did not answer him.

"Will you sing for me, Gabriel?" she asked.

What prompted me to sing those words, one of the sweetest and saddest laments ever sung by lover?

"Oh, let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet!
Then let come what come may;
What matter if I go mad?
I shall have had my day!

"Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite, quite sure
That there is no one to love me.
Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad;
I shall have had my day!"

From the magnificent dark eyes no look had ever come that told me that Lady May ever understood how much I loved her, but as I finished my song, our eyes met, and for the first time hers fell. Of that night I remember no more.

* * * * * *

One evening I went to Helme House to dine; and, by Lady Lulworth's invitation, I went an hour earlier than most of the expected guests. Ru and Rose, I was told, had a new rocking-horse, and nothing would content the children but that Gabriel should come and see it. Gabriel must find a name for the horse, and must rock them on it.

"Indeed," said my dear benefactress to them with a charming smile, "Gabriel spoils you, completely!"

We spent a happy hour with the little ones, and then went into the drawing-room. A stranger was there, a Mr. Cyril Ardean. Lady Lulworth introduced me to him, and at first sight I liked him exceedingly; we talked, and the countess joined in the conversation. I was quite at my ease with him. The Ardeans of Barton Abbey were like old friends; I remembered the name as long as I remembered anything. I knew that he must be acquainted with the fact that I was Jane Holmes's son, who lived at the south lodge at Langton Wolde until the kindness of the earl and countess had rescued me and made me what I was. He was clever and gifted; but there was a certain air of melancholy about him, a shadow on his face and his eyes.

We were standing together discussing Swinburne's last poem, of which we took widely different views, when suddenly I saw him start and tremble, and a change such as I had not seen before came over the handsome, melancholy face. My eyes, following his, found out his secret at a glance. Lady May Flemyng had just entered the room, looking superb in her dress of white silk, trimmed with dead-gold, and with amber roses in her dark hair.

He did not utter a word, and her name was not mentioned by either of us; but I saw that it was a case of love at first sight. Presently, under some pretext he left me and crossed the room to speak to her, the third victim to the magnificent dark eyes of Lady May.

Lady Lulworth came back to me. I thought there was something rather strange in her manner.

"Gabriel," she said, "have you ever met Mr. Cyril Ardean before?"

"No," I replied.

"Do you like him?" she asked; and she looked at me intently as she put the question.

"Yes; I like him very much," I answered.

Why did she sigh so heavily? Why did her beautiful face cloud over and grow so sad?

"He is a distant cousin of Lord Ardean's" she said. "Of course, there is no probability of such a thing; but if anything happened to Lord Ardean and his two sons, Cyril would succeed him."

Why did she look so wistfully at me? The affairs of the Ardeans could not possibly concern me.

Lord Aberdale also came to dinner that evening and Miss Sheridan was there. The rest of the party consisted of several friends of the earl's and the Marquis of Doone. It was not a grand dinner-party, but a gathering of friends.

When dinner was over, the older men lingered over their wine and the younger ones sought the ladies, who had gone out into the garden, which was laid out in such a fashion that it seemed to be twice as large as it really was.

I was anxious to know how Lady May would manage her admirers; and I perceived at once that Lord Aberdale and Mr. Ardean were mortally jealous of each other. My sympathies were equally divided, although I believed I suffered the most myself.

Lady May's serene indifference was her shield. The garden paths were not very wide; yet as she walked up and down, she had a lover on either side. If I had not felt so jealous myself, I must have laughed. Neither of the men would give way. The usual courteous instincts of gentlemen did not forsake them; but they were evidently each afraid to leave her, lest one should take advantage of the other's absence.

"It would be nice to have coffee here," said Lady May. "I am sure Lady Lulworth would enjoy it. Will some one ask her? Gabriel, she will not say 'No' to you."

I went at once, though Kate Sheridan said it was unnecessary. Surely a footman could do the bidding of Lady May?

"Not while I can do it for her," I answered warmly, not caring in the least if my words offended her.

Lady Lulworth was only too pleased to comply. In a short time the table was set under some trees, and the countess joined us, and two or three other ladies who were with her. Lady May distributed her favors in an impartial manner. She took a cup of coffee from Lord Aberdale and sugar and cream from Mr. Ardean.

"I should imagine that those gentlemen fancy there is no one in the world except Lady May," observed Miss Sheridan to me. "Do you think, Mr. Holmes, that she is in any way a coquette?"

"No; that I do not," I answered, quickly.

"Do you think her more beautiful than any one else?" she asked, looking down with a demure smile.

"You know that I do, Miss Sheridan. Do you remember quoting for me the story of the moth and the taper?"

"Yes; and I remember how angry you looked at the time."

"I was not angry," I answered. "I knew that you meant it as a kindly warning to me. I think those two unfortunate men require the warning as much as I did myself."

"Yes; but they do not interest me," said the American heiress, "and you—well, you do."

"You are very complimentary, Miss Sheridan."

"A poet is common property," she said, with a smile. "Any one and every one may admire him, or his genius, rather. Now, Mr. Holmes, why do you stand with your eyes fixed upon Lady May? Look at me instead, just for a change. Let those poor moths burn their wings if they like."

Miss Sheridan was very kind to me, and she was very beautiful; but I could not feel interested in her, although I tried my very best. How could I, when I saw the dark, beautiful face opposite to me radiant with animation, saw Lady May's mischievous glances and bright smiles? How I envied those who were near her! I am sorry to say that Miss Sheridan spoke to me several times without my being aware of it. I apologized; but she seemed to be getting impatient.

"You had better go in search of your heart," she said to me.

"Perhaps I should not know where to go," I answered.

"I think"—and *la belle Americaine* looked me straight in the face—"that I should know where to send you. Your eyes follow your thoughts, and your thoughts follow your heart."

I tried to laugh away her remark; but she was very stately in her offended dignity. Suddenly I heard the voice I loved best cry, "Gabriel!"

Looking round, I saw that Lady May had risen; she must have dismissed both admirers, for they had joined Lady Lulworth, and she was alone.

"Gabriel," she said, in a slightly impatient tone, "we are going to have some music. Will you come and sing for us?"

"I would not be ordered about in that fashion, even to please the most beautiful woman in the world," said Miss Sheridan.

"And I would give all the world to please Lady May," I replied, laughingly.

"Gabriel, are you coming?" said the sweet voice again.

Then, with a low bow, I left Miss Sheridan and went to Lady May.

"We are going to have some music; but I want to have a few minutes' chat with you first," she said, laying her little hand on my arm. "I am tired; talk to me."

Tired with what—with the homage of two men like Lord Aberdale and Mr. Ardean? Tired of whispered words of love? I could scarcely believe that I heard aright. Tired, and seeking my company!

"Talk naturally to me," she said. "I feel as though I had been stifled in an atmosphere of perfume. Talk to me about something we like, Gabriel—about Langton Wolde, or some of your fancies, or better still, recite for me that little childish poem of yours, 'What the Blackbird Sang on the Blackthorn.'"

I laughed, even while I was touched at her recollection of my early essay. She made me repeat the lines twice.

"Ah, that is different!"—and she gave a long sigh of relief. "I grow very tired of compliments, Gabriel" she said, abruptly, "what a strange child you must have been! Lady Lulworth tells me you used to believe that you could really understand what the birds sang."

"So I did, in all good faith, Lady May," I answered.

"And then you listened to them for hours together, and then went home and wrote down what you thought they said. Is it true?"

"I had such fancies, Lady May," I replied; "and it seemed to be that the fancies of the boy were sweeter than those of the man.

"Gabriel"—looking at me with large wondering eyes—"you must have been born a poet!"

"If so, I thank Heaven for it. My notion of a poet is that of a man who interprets the beauties and voice of Nature to those who do not understand them so well."

"Why," she said, abruptly changing the subject, "do you talk so very much to Miss Sheridan? Do you care about her so much?"

"She is always very kind to me, Lady May."

The little white hand tightened its clasp of my arm.

"Am I not always kind to you? Now, tell the truth Gabriel."

"You are always adorable!" I answered.

The silvery moonlight, the odor of the flowers, the intoxication of the presence, of her voice, the touch of her light hand, all combined, bewildered me.

"I like you to say that I am adorable, Gabriel; you say it so earnestly. Now, do what I ask you. Forget Miss Sheridan and recite some of your finest poetry to me; will you?"

So we walked up and down the garden paths, and I told her under the guise of poetry what I dared not hint in prose.

"Alas, how easily things go wrong,
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
There follows a mist of weeping rain,
And life is never the same again."

How those words haunted me! for, by my own folly, I had broken the calm of kindly affection that existed between Lady May and myself—broken it in such a way that I did not see how it could ever be the same again! However great a man's self-control may be, there are times when it fails suddenly, as mine did. I had stood by, my heart tormented with jealous rage, while other men had shown the earl's ward the greatest homage. I had seen her bestow smiles and favors, and had said nothing; but one morning I suddenly lost my self-control.

I had called at Helme House, and was told that Lady May was with the children in the garden. On going thither, I saw Lady May playing with the children in the garden.

I stood for a few minutes watching them, until Ru espied me and called "Gabriel!"

Lady May raised her beautiful face, and I could not help seeing the pleasure that came into it, the bright flush that enhanced her loveliness. She did not put Rose out of her arms, but held out her hand to me.

"Good morning, Gabriel," she said. "I was just wishing that you would come. What a lovely morning! I almost wish that we were back at Langton Wolde."

"A strange wish for the belle of the season!" I remarked.

"Yes; but the belle of the season really likes the country best, Gabriel," she rejoined.

"I suppose," I said, "that the world is pretty nearly the same to you everywhere—roses without canker, sky without clouds, life all harmony and happiness?"

"That is the poet's idea of an earthly elysium, Gabriel. Still to some extent you are right. I do most thoroughly enjoy and love my life; but then, you see, I am only just beginning it. I know nothing of sorrow or pain yet; I have all that to come."

"I wish I could bear all your sorrow and pain for you!" I cried.

"Do you, Gabriel!" How kind you are! Each one of us, I fear, will have to bear his or her burden."

"No sorrow ought ever to come near you, Lady May," I said, earnestly; "it should not if I could help it. I wish—but the wish is a wild one—that I could stand before you all your life and shield you from every shadow, from every approach of trouble or care. If I could do that I should value my life."

A softened tender expression came over her face.

"Do you care so much for me?" she said softly.

"Care for you? Oh, Lady May, you must know! Care for you? Why, no man——"

Then I stopped abruptly. What I was going to say must never be said. I must be loyal and true, and not presume on the kindness that had been shown to me. I stopped the flow of passionate words, and the effort was so great that my whole frame trembled, and I know that my face must have turned deathly pale.

She did not speak, but bent down and kissed the lips of little Rose, who was lying in her arms; and when I saw that I stooped and kissed the child's lips in the same way, so taking from her, as it were, the caress that Lady May had given her. It was almost the same thing, I thought as though I had kissed the proud young beauty herself.

A profound silence fell upon us, which lasted two or three minutes; and then I ventured to look at Lady May. Her face and neck were of crimson glow, and I could see that her lips were quivering. She spoke no hurried, angry word, but rose, and, placing the child on the ground, went away.

I reproached myself bitterly. What had come over me? What had induced me to take such a liberty? In the madness of my love I had displeased one of the proudest and purest of woman; perhaps she would never speak to me again.

What should I do? The self-control, the long restraint of weeks, was gone in five minutes. Lady May would certainly never be friendly with me again. I caught the child in my arms.

"Oh, little Rose, what have I done?" I cried.

She laid her charming little face against mine.

"Never mind, Gabriel," she said. But she had not the least idea what was the matter.

I stole from the house, ashamed and sorrowful. It seemed to me that I was in some measure guilty of a breach of trust. They had trusted me so implicitly, my beloved patrons. They had never said to me, "Remember that between yourself and the heiress of Cheney Manor there is a vast difference in station; remember that she is a wealthy heiress, and that you have been admitted in all confidence to her society." They trusted me fully; had I respected the trust so placed in me?

An intolerable sense of having done wrong possessed me. It was true that I could not help loving her; but I could have helped telling her so, or letting her discover it. I tried, in spite of the passionate love that blinded me, to look at the matter from the only honorable point of view. Suppose I told her how deeply and dearly I loved her, and won from her her love in return? What could I do then, the son of a lodge-keeper, educated by charity, without a shilling to call my own? Could I ask her to be my wife? She had money, and lands, and property; I had none of these things. She had every advantage that rank gives; I had but one single gift—genius. No, no—a thousand times no! Honor forbade the revelation.

I might love her until the end of my life with the deepest and purest affection; but no hint of it must ever pass my lips. Better a life spent in loving without return than in receiving the love of any other woman. I should love her until I died, but never again should I lose my self-control.

Before many hours had elapsed I was punished for my folly. Some gentlemen came to see Lord Doone on political business, and when it was ended, the topics of the day were discussed. Amongst the questions asked was one that pierced my heart.

Colonel Chivers, looking at the marquis, said:

Do you know if there is any truth in the rumor of Lord Aberdale's marriage?"

"I have not heard of it," answered the marquis.

"A story is going the round of the clubs that he is to marry Lady May Flemyng, the Earl of Lulworth's ward."

"I have not heard of it," said Lord Doone. "Mr. Holmes probably knows. Is it true, Gabriel, that Lady May is to marry Lord Aberdale?"

Coolly and calmly he put the question that was like a death-warrant to me. Colonel Chivers looked at me, and I was forced to reply.

"I have not heard of such an arrangement."

I could not have uttered another word to save my life.

"It would be a very suitable marriage," observed the colonel.

"I hear that Lady May is one of the belles of the season; and I know Lord Aberdale well. I traveled with him in Africa, and a braver young fellow never lived. He is my beau-ideal of an Englishman. It is a marriage which every one would approve," continued the colonel. "Beauty and courage would be united. I hope with all my heart that Lady May Flemyng will be Lady Aberdale."

I could not listen to another word. I must go out and discover if there was any truth in the rumor. There might be; I knew how devoted he had been to her; and, if they were to be married, they would not tell me.

The air seemed to grow hot and stifling; I could scarcely breathe. I must go somewhere, but not to Holme House, for Lady May had not for given me. What if she whom I had worshipped were the promised wife of Lord Aberdale? I thought of the kiss which she had left on the child's lips and I had stolen again. Deeper shame came over me. Surely I had not been stealing the caresses of the promised wife of another man!

Suddenly I remembered that she was going that evening to the opera, for the most charming of singers, Adelina Patti, was to sing, and Lady May wished to hear her. I must go. I must see if he was with her. I came to the conclusion that, if I found him there, if he were by her side in the box, I would believe the rumor that they were engaged. If he were not there, I should look upon it as false.

On the way to the opera-house I said to myself:

"True or not, what can it matter to me? I could never ask her to be my wife. Why not be content to see her happy?"

Then I tried to reason with myself, to ask myself why I was going on this foolish errand. What could it matter whether she was there or not? Yet some impulse hurried me on.

The streets were all blurred and indistinct to me as I drove through them. Should I find Lord Aberdale with her or not? I asked myself this question again and again.

I remember a hum of voices and a sea of faces. After a time, I could distinguish one face out of the many—the dark beautiful face of Lady May Flemyng. She had a deep-red rose in the coils of her dark hair, and one nestled against her breast. Her dark trailing laces were fastened with diamond stars, and her white arms shone like alabaster. Oh, how fair was my darling! I sighed as I looked at her.

Was he there? In the pleasure of seeing her I had forgotten that I came to look for my rival. Yes, he was there; and on the other side of Lady May sat Cyril Ardean, with the same sad, half-melancholy expression on his face which distinguished him from every one else.

There was safety, after all, in Cyril's presence, I reflected. As he was with them, Lady May and Lord Aberdale could converse only on general topics. I asked myself whether they looked like an engaged couple, and the answer was "No." I could tell, by the countless little attentions of his lordship, that he loved her; but on her face I saw no sign that his love was returned. She looked calm and proud as usual.

I felt relieved. If she loved him, she would not look like that. Had I been sitting by her side, I would have taken care that her face lost its proud composure; but who loved her as I did?

I remember watching Cyril Ardean intently, never dreaming that the time would come when his life and mine would cross, and in some inexplicable manner I felt my heart drawn toward him. In this way he differed from the generality of men as much as Lord Aberdale. Cyril was tender and chivalrous, with a certain vein of melancholy that had always a charm; and he always took the loftiest and noblest view of everything. As I watched him, I thought how strange it was that these two men—men of such different characters and temperaments—should both love the same beautiful woman; yet each, I knew, loved her with a love that would never be felt again.

What torture I suffered! I had gone into the stalls, and from there I could see my darling's box plainly. The only expression on her face was one of calm content, derived doubtless from her enjoyment of the music. Not one of all the glances and looks she gave to those two men was like the look she had given me. I felt, although Lord Aberdale was with her, that if her eyes had rested upon me for one instant, a bright look would have crept into them. It comforted me to remember this, and I went home.

The next morning I resolved to go see Lady May. If she was angry and offended, it was better for me to know it, and to have all the anguish and misery of it over at once. If she would not forgive me, I—well a hundred ideas came into my mind as to what I should do. Lady May had always been kind to me; yet it seemed to me that to snatch the loving caress she had left on the child's lips was a species of affront that so proud a girl would scarcely brook; and yet it only showed how much I loved her. She was not for me, this dainty young beauty; she was for the handsome young earl; nevertheless, I must have from her splendid dark eyes at least one look of forgiveness.

When I reached Holme House I asked for her, instead of going, as I generally did, to the nursery or to the study. She was in the morning-room, I was told, and I was to go to her there.

On the previous evening I had seen her in evening-dress; this morning I saw a tall, slender, girlish figure robed in pure white, with dainty ribbons at her breast and a rose in her hair. She was reading when I entered the room. She looked up with the same expression of glad surprise that I had seen in fancy the night before, held out both hands to me, and her sweet eyes seemed to glisten with welcome.

"Gabriel," she said, "why did you not come last evening?"

"I did not like to come, Lady May," I answered, hesitatingly. "I was afraid that I had displeased you."

"How?" she asked, arching her brows in wonder.

There was nothing for it now but to speak plainly.

"By taking from little Rose the kiss you gave her," I said bluntly; and again the lovely crimson blush dyed her face.

She smiled, and my heart grew light; she was not angry.

"I do not think, Gabriel," she said, "that it was an unpardonable offense. If I had known what kept you away I should have sent for you."

"Then you are not really angry, Lady May?"

"Not in the least. I rather admire bravery in men."

What could that mean? Was it a compliment, satire, or what? I dared not ask her; I was only too content to be so easily forgiven.

"I wonder what you would have said, Lady May, if Lord Aberdale had done the same thing?"

The whole expression of her face changed.

"Lord Aberdale is not you, Gabriel," she answered.

"No; but I wish I were in his place."

"Do you?" she said. "Why should you? I would sooner be a poet than a peer."

"Would you, Lady May? But you forget how much a peer may do that a poet cannot."

"A poet may sway a whole nation with his voice. He influences the people—makes them loyal or seditious by the songs he sings. He beautifies life for them, brings them nearer to Heaven, makes them more noble of soul, more lofty of mind. Take Victor Hugo and any French nobleman, no matter how old his family, how ancient his title—which has influenced France and the French more? Take our own Shakespeare and compare him with the noblest English peer. Why, Gabriel, there can be no comparison!" Gabriel," she continued—and there was a note of dissatisfaction in her voice—"surely if you do live amongst worldly-minded men and women, you are not bound to be worldly?"

"I am ambitious of one thing only," I replied.

"And what is that?" asked Lady May. "A man's ambition should always be great. What is yours?"

I was silent. My ambition was to win her, but I could not say so.

"I hope it is a worthy one," she went on. "I admire men who have a great ambition—not a selfish one; they are almost always noble men. Your mission is to educate and ennoble people, to fill their hearts with sweet words that have a high meaning. That is a grand mission, Gabriel; that is more than the mere accident of birth that makes a peer."

"A peer may win what I can never win, Lady May," I answered. "I would not exchange my birthright, I would not give back the gift Heaven has granted me, for a peerage; but, as I said before, a peer may win what I never can."

"What is that?" she asked; and then she remembered that we were both standing. She went to one of the open windows, and, stooping, gathered a flower from the bed beneath.

When I saw her white fingers caressing the blossom, how I longed to be the flower just for one minute! Despair, I suppose, had made me reckless. I took it from her hand. She glanced at me with a shy, sweet smile.

"Why do you do that, Gabriel?" she asked.

"Because I cannot help it. I cannot bear to see you touch it so kindly and lovingly."

I could scarcely believe my senses. She laid her hand on mine—a warm, soft hand, with slender, pink-tipped fingers. She had never done so before. Little did she dream how my whole frame trembled under her gentle touch.

"We are such old friends, Gabriel," she said, "that you ought to tell me everything. Sit down here; we shall have a long half-hour together. Now tell me all about your ambition and you hopes."

They were all centred in her; she was my life, my hope; but I dared not tell her that she was the one object of my ambition.

"I cannot understand," she proceeded, "what a peer can win that you may not, Gabriel."

"The woman he loves, Lady May," I answered, boldly.

"The woman he loves," she repeated, slowly. "Well, cannot you do the same? What is to prevent it?"

As she spoke I saw a sudden pallor come over the fresh, smiling lips, and the white hand that held the flower trembled.

"Because I have nothing to offer the one I love best," I said.

"Nothing to offer? You—a poet, Gabriel, a genius that some day the world will recognize—you to say that you have nothing to offer?"

I said to myself, may Heaven keep me loyal and true? If ever man was tempted, that man was surely myself. Her face, her words, seemed to overpower me; but I told myself that I must remember honor, the rock to which I had chained myself.

"Lady May," I said sadly, "in what manner do you suppose any Belgravian mother would receive my proposals for the hand of her daughter?"

"I never had such a mother, so I cannot tell," Lady May answered laughingly.

"She would inquire blandly what were my prospects and what I proposed settling on her daughter."

"You have quite a business like idea of the matter, Gabriel. What answer would you make?"

"I should tell her that my dear mother keeps the south lodge at Langton Wolde, that I was educated by the kindness of the Earl and Countess of Lulworth, that I had nothing to offer but the salary I earn."

"You forgot that you may be poet laureate some day Gabriel," she interrupted with a smile. But I went on.

"A Belgravian mother would show me the door, Lady May, and you know it."

"You are wrong, Gabriel. However, what does it matter how such a mother would treat you? The proper thing is to know what the woman you know would do; and I say that, if she were worth the name of woman, in return for your love she would give you hers. True woman do not marry for money."

"They do not marry without it, Lady May. How can they?"

"Certainly there must be some money. I will tell you what you had better do, Gabriel. Work hard, make money and a name for yourself; then you can imitate the peer of whom we have been talking."

"Yes, I can do that; I intend to do that, Lady May. But then, while I am spending the best years of my life in working to win her, some one else may come and take her away."

"Not if she loves you," said Lady May.

"She does not love me; and she has more lovers than I can count," I answered.

The shapely head was turned in such a way from me that I could not even see the face. There was a slight quiver in the voice when she spoke next.

"Perhaps," she said, gently, "the one for whom you care likes you better than you think, Gabriel."

I would not say more; I dared not. Had I remained with her another minute, I should have asked her to be my wife; and prudence and honor forbade it. My kind patrons had trusted me, and I could not prove myself unworthy of their trust.

There was growing upon me a conviction that Lady May was not indifferent to me. I noticed that she had lost much of her frank demeanor toward me; she no longer met me as of old. When she saw me now, her beautiful face grew either red as a rose or white as a lily; and if she was compelled to speak to me, her eyes drooped.

She never came into the playroom now when I was with the children. If I asked her to sing, she had always some excuse ready; and she never seemed to remember that I had a voice. She seldom called me "Gabriel;" her mode of address was frequently "Mr. Holmes." And the worst of it was that the more coldly she treated me the more I loved her.

Was she really unkind, or did I fancy that the colder she was to me the more gracious she became to my rivals, for it was becoming a matter of serious moment to us all. I was sure of one thing—she was not indifferent to me; either she liked or disliked me. With others she laughed and talked just the same; with me there was a change in her manner.

"Gabriel," said Lady Lulworth to me one day, "have you had a quarrel with Lady May?"

"No," I answered.

She looked at me curiously.

"You are not so much with her as you used to be," she went on. "Are you sure there has not been any disagreement?"

As her ladyship's beautiful face softened, I longed to tell her of my wild, passionate love—how I had fought against it, how it had mastered me, and how I felt that I must leave her and go where the witchery of her ward's lovely face would not haunt me. I longed to tell my kind patroness; but honor bade me be silent.

I said that Lady May was so popular, so much sought after, that it was not so easy to see her as it had once been. Try as I would, my voice broke and tears filled my eyes. If her ladyship had not looked so kindly at me, it would not have happened.

"She is very much sought after, Gabriel; but I am sure she is not one to forget old friends," answered Lady Lulworth.

No, I knew that. I told her that I appreciated the nobility of her character. As a child, she had been fond of me and kind to me; but I could not presume on our childish friendship. I could not intrude when she was surrounded by those of her own rank.

Lady Lulworth smiled, and then sighed deeply.

"There is some truth in that, Gabriel," she said.

Then an expression of pain came over her face. I wondered at it. Surely she could not feel distressed about me?

"I hope, Gabriel," she continued, "that Lady May has not made you feel the difference in your social position?"

I told her that Lady May was an angel, and she laughed.

"You have your own idea of angels, Gabriel," she replied; "all poets have; but, for my part, I think her more like a fascinating, charming, wilful woman."

I tried to banish all concern and trouble from my voice as I asked her if she had heard the rumor that Lady May and Lord Aberdale were soon to be married.

"I have not heard it," she said; "but I cannot help seeing how devoted he is to her. It may culminate in marriage some day; but the first person to hear of it, Gabriel, will be Lord Lulworth."

I felt relieved. So long as Lady May remained unmarried I should not give up hope.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Halka's Dowry.

BY H. H.

AN old man was riding leisurely along the highway. He was dressed in a rusty suit of homespun, and every article of his attire was of a corresponding kind.

Suddenly a group of mounted soldiers came down the road. At sight of the pedestrian they halted, and the leader exclaimed, roughly, "Hallo, old man, out with your papers. You know, I suppose, our Emperor's orders are that no one in this district can travel a league without them."

"But I am not a traveler. I am only visiting my estates."

"Ha, ha!—your estates! That is good! Come now, show me your pass at once, or I shall arrest you in the Emperor's name."

"As I did not bring it with me, you will have to do as you please in the matter. The good Emperor shall never hear that he has a disobedient subject in Josef Weyer."

"You talk fair, old man, but you must come along. Fall into line. Carl, keep an eye to the prisoner."

The judge before whom the old man was taken being very busy, ordered the new comer to be put in prison until he could attend to his case. Being of an active turn of mind, Herr Weyer soon made himself a general favorite by lending a helping hand to whatever was to be done.

One day he was busily engaged in cleaning a window, when an astonished voice sounded behind him, "Do my eyes see falsely, or am I right in what I think—that it is the good Herr Weyer whom I find engaged in such remarkable business?"

"You see truly, my son. Time hangs heavy on idle hands, so I do the work which happens to come first in my way. You see, I came from home without my pass, and the soldiers arrested me."

"The villians!" ejaculated his wondering listener, "to lay hands on one who could, I daresay, buy and sell the whole army."

"They were not to blame. One must do that which seems to be one's duty," was the philosophic answer.

"And I'll soon do mine; which will be to see that you are released within the hour. I am known here, and my word will be taken."

The young man turned to go, but Josef laid his hand upon his arm, and fixed his eyes earnestly upon his face.

"My good friend," he said, I would well like to hear your name before you depart upon your kindly-intentioned errand. You seem to know me well, and it is a rare stroke of good luck that you do; but I cannot recall that I have ever before laid eyes upon your face, albeit it is truly an honest and well-favored countenance."

"I am the son of one of your tenants, and right glad I am to be able to make some small return to you this day for the many favors you have extended to my father, who is Rudolph Kline, of the valley farm in Szentes."

"So you come of that worthy man's stock, do you? And your own name is——"

"It is Rudolph, after my father. But if it pleases you to excuse me now, I must at once go and make known to the authorities their great mistake, or I shall be too late, and the end of this day will still see you a prisoner, instead of on your way to your home and family."

"Go, then, my son, and may your errand be successful. Meanwhile I will endeavor to finish my work."

Thus speaking, the old man turned again to the polishing of the window; and in that trifling action was sounded the key-note to one of the most eccentric but successful of lives.

He was Joseph Weyer, the peasant millionaire of Szentes, Hungary—a man who had been originally a small farmer, but who, by judicious investments in cattle and in land, had come to possess an enormous income, although clinging to his primitive peasant dress and to the simple habits of his early life.

He was soon released, and upon the back of his favorite horse, that had been returned to him in good condition, was again riding along the highway on his homeward route.

Two or three years after the occurrence of this episode in the life of Joseph Weyer he had started out for a visit to some of his tenants.

His way led through a narrow lane, and as he went along his attention was attracted by the sound of vehement sobs and moans.

A young girl had sought the sylvan retreat, and evidently feared no intrusions; for she had thrown herself down beside a cluster of field lilies, and, face downward, was crying as though her heart would break.

The old man stood a moment, in doubt whether to speak to her, or pass by and leave her undisturbed. But the sound of her despairing grief touched his heart, and he felt he must do something, if it lay in his power to console her, and so said. "What's the matter, little maid? Smiles are fitter than tears for the young."

She sprang up like a startled fawn and stood confronting him with wide, frightened eyes.

"Fear not," he said. "Who knows but I am one of the fairy folk from yonder hilly spot, where it is said they gather? If it be so, I can, maybe, help you in your trouble."

"Oh, if you could?" she said, with a heavy sigh, driving away the lurking look of mistrust from her great, dark eyes. "I'll tell you all about it, and then you can let me know if you can do anything."

The old man had spoken in jest, not thinking but that the girl knew him; but seeing the innocent confidence with which his words had inspired her, he suffered the delusion to continue, and listened at first with an intention of doing her good, if he could do so, just from an impulse of compassion; but after the first few words which fell from her lips he felt an interest in her for another and personal reason.

"I have lost my lover," she said, wiping the tears from her eyes. "His people say I am too poor to come in the family, and that if it were not for his love for me Rudolph might have married the richest farmer's daughter hereabouts. But, alas! I have not a gulden to my name, and must take service to earn my living, now that my father is dead."

"So your faithless lover's name is Rudolph, is it?"

"Oh! do not call him that: he is not faithless; he is true as steel. But I would be the first to forbid his coming to court me, now that his parents have forbidden it. I would not draw down upon him the curse for disobedience to one's father and mother."

"That is well said," was the approving answer; "but dry your tears. I promise you all shall yet be right. Tell me Rudolph's last name?"

"It is Kline, and his folks live yonder in that nicely painted farm-house with the lilacs in front of it. See?"

"Yes, yes, I see. Now run home, little one, and give yourself no further trouble. Look as pretty as you can, and grow not pale with crying. Then when Kline comes hastening along the green lane to see you, he'll think you are like one of the pretty posies, and he will be glad to gather you to his heart and wear you there all his life. But what is your name?"

"Halka Ladislaus," she said shyly, dropping a graceful little curtsey, and turning to go away in obedience to his command. She never once glanced back lest it should offend the kind and wonderful representative of the fairy-folk who had evidently a great deal of power, or he would never have spoken with so much authority.

The old man then went to the "nicely-painted farm-house," where Halka's lover lived.

A sharp-faced and sharp-voiced woman met him at the door; but she was profuse in her expression of welcome as she invited him in.

After an interchange of civilities the conversation gradually took a turn towards family matters, led in that direction by the visitor. He listened patiently to the mother's loquacious praises of her two elder sons—of their thrift and good management and other virtues, expecting to hear Rudolph's name at the last. But he was evidently the black sheep. There were no commendations for him. He was not once mentioned.

"And how is it with the son you call Rudolph?" he asked at last, quietly. "He did me a good turn once, and he seemed a likely sort of lad at that time."

"So he went until he lost his head about Halka, the old professor's daughter—a girl without enough guldens to bury herself decently with if she should happen to die."

"Then the lad has fallen in love with a weakling, has he? I thought he had too much the look of good sense about him to do such a foolish thing."

"No such good luck! Halka's as straight and strong as a young pine sapling, and is as red and white as cherries and milk. No, no, she'll live long enough."

"Then she won't need burial money yet awhile," said Josef, with a sly chuckle at the trap Frau Kline had inadvertently fallen into. "Let me see—Halka Ladislaus—where have I come across that name? Ah, I know, my good woman, your boy knows which side his bread is buttered! That little girl is an heiress, though she doesn't know it herself. The day she's married, to my certain knowledge she is to have a farm and a herd of cows and oxen."

"You do not really mean it!" was the surprised answer. "Well, I always did like Halka, only you see, Herr Weyer, if a young couple marry they must have something to live on."

"Yes, I see," was the ready answer; and you are a sensible woman to look out so carefully in the future. Now, good day, and good fortune, until I see you again; and mind if you happen to see little Halka, not a word about what I have told you. It's a secret between you and me. Now, where shall I find your husband?"

"In the far field with the oxen. If you like, I'll give a blast on the horn; that'll bring him."

"No; I'll go to him. I like the smell of the new mown hay in the meadow which lies between."

Rudolph's mother watched Josef until he was out of sight. Then she hastened into the house and packed a basket of home-made dainties against Rudolph coming in from his work.

What was his astonishment when his mother said—

"I've been thinking a deal about what escaped my lips about you and Halka, and I'm sorry for it. She's a poor, lone girl, and I ought not to stand in the way of her happiness. Take these things to her as a peace-offering, and say that I'll make her a good mother-in-law, if she has a fancy to marry my boy."

Before the words were hardly out of her lips the astonished woman found herself lifted from the floor and hugged and kissed by her son until she was all out of breath. Then Rudolph caught up the basket and hastened away in the same frantic manner, leaving his mother hardly knowing whether to be angry or rejoiced at his unusual demonstrativeness.

The consciousness that a selfish motive had been at the root of her apparent kindness had somewhat poisoned the pleasure which Rudolph's gratitude had caused to stir within her heart.

As may be expected, Rudolph soon made his peace with Halka—or, rather, made matters smooth between his mother and his *fiancee*, and it was not many weeks before a wedding feast was prepared for them, and the neighbors came from far and wide to attend the festivities. The most honored guest was their landlord, and it gave him great amusement to see the wondering look of pretty Halka when she saw him make his appearance.

But when a little later he produced a deed for a nice farm made out in her name, and added to it a gift of money and of cattle, she went up to him and whispered, with happy tears in her bright eyes:

"You have indeed been like a fairy godfather to me, but it is the goodness of your own heart that has done all this. How can I ever thank you enough?"

"One good turn deserves another, little Halka, and that stout young husband of yours has a pair of sharp eyes that once did me service. But mind, you are to keep silent about what I say. A discreet woman should know how to hold her tongue."

"I know not how much I may merit to be considered 'discreet,' but I will certainly be obedient," said Halka, modestly, "and shall do just as you say, and I shall love you all my life next to Rudolph, and to my dear old father, who would have been so glad to know that his Halka is so happy."

"And you may be sure he does know it," said Josef, rising rapidly and going towards his wife, who just then made her appearance from another room.

His heart was tender, and Halka's words had brought a moisture to his eyes which he was anxious to conceal.

In after years Halka's children were frequent visitors at his home.

He and his wife had not been blessed with children, and thus was filled a blank in his life which his vast wealth had not been able to satisfy.

In time they became his heirs.

TRAINING ELEPHANTS.—The course of training elephants does not always run smooth, and when the animal is really refractory the keepers have "a heavy hand" with their charge. The most usual method of persuasion employed, when coaxing and feeding have failed is, we believe, to "jab them with a pitchfork till blood is freely drawn," at least this was the explanation given by a trainer of repute of his own practice in his gentle art, and it accords with the historian's assertion, that "to prevent them shaking themselves in order to throw off those who attempt to mount them, they, the ancient Indians, make cuts all round their neck and then put thongs of leather into the incisions, so that the pain obliges them to submit to their fetters and to remain quiet." Under this or similar treatment an elephant can be made to exhibit the greatest docility in the arena, and will show a touching devotion to his keeper. We have seen an elephant trainer put his head in the mouth of one of his 'proteges during a performance, when the brute obstinately kept its mouth closed, and was only induced to change its mind by a violent kick upon the trunk from a pair of heavy boots. No doubt this "little eccentricity" was followed by summary and severe punishment; but, we must confess, that to so intelligent a creature as an elephant, the insertion of a human head into its mouth must have seemed such an idiotic proceeding that a little hesitation as to what to do with it is quite allowable. In a part of India, lately, a huge elephant was kept as the public executioner, and used to dispatch poor wretches, at the word of command, by crushing their skulls with his enormous foot.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.—That people hate to be laughed at. Look at the comedian, for instance. That a small boy hates an overcoat. He loves it so well that he dislikes to wear it out. That women go to church to see other women's bonnets. They merely go to show their own. That a boy thinks he knows more than his father. He only prides himself on his superior intelligence. That a widow wears weeds to catch a husband. She would rather catch a man who is not a husband.

That the self conceited man thinks everybody is a fool. He does not include one person in that category, himself. That milk is a compound of water, chalk and sheep's stomach. Milk always comes from the cow—a long way from the cow.

That the average married man dislikes marriage. He is all the time yearning for another opportunity to enter the sacred state.

On no other condition should we extend one hand to receive honor, but that with the other we should transmit it to God.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., is rapidly acquiring an enviable reputation for the surprising cures which daily result from the use of her Vegetable Compound in all female diseases. Send to her for pamphlets.

THE SPIDER.

THE spider has many enemies, and hence its web is always in danger of being deranged and damaged. To meet this inconvenience, nature has furnished the insect with a magazine of materials for occasional repairs, and which, although frequently exhausted, still continues to be replenished. This reservoir is drained in time. When spiders grow old, their gum is dried up, but even when this calamity happens, the cunning creature is not destitute of resources which avail it for some time longer. A crafty old spider, having no means of securing a subsistence, seeks out a young one, to which it communicates its wants or necessities; on which the other, either out of respect to old age or from a fear of old pincers, resigns its place, and spins a new web in another situation. But if the old spider can find none of its species which will either from love or fear resign its net, it must then perish for want of subsistence. The water spider spins no web to catch its prey, but nevertheless, offers one of the most singular objects of contemplation. As soon as it has caught its prey on the shore, it dives to the bottom of the waters, and there devours its booty. It is therefore an amphibious animal; although it appears more fitted to live in contact with the atmosphere than with the water.

The diving bell is a modern invention, and few facts excite our wonder more than the possibility of a man's being enabled to live at the bottom of the ocean. Triumph of reason over the unfriendly element, however, was anticipated by an insect—the spider in question. This creature spins some loose threads, which attaches to the leaves of aquatic plants; it then varnishes them with a glutinous secretion, which resembles liquid glass, and is so elastic as to admit of considerable distension and contraction; it next lays a coating of this same substance over its own body, and underneath this coating introduces a bubble of air. Naturalists conjecture that it has the power of drawing in air from the atmosphere at the surface of the pool; but the precise mode in which it is separated from the body of the atmosphere and introduced under the pellicle, covering the insect's body, has not been clearly ascertained.

Thus clothed, and shining like a ball of quicksilver, it darts through the waters to the spot in which it has fixed its habitation, and, disengaging the bubble from under the pellicle, it dexterously introduces it into a web formed at the bottom. After repeatedly moving from the top to the bottom of the water, and at each journey filling its habitation with a fresh bubble of air, at length the lighter completely expels the heavier fluid, and the insect takes possession of an aerial habitation, commodious and dry, finished in the very midst of the waters. It is about the size and shape of half a pigeon's egg. From this curious chamber the spider hunts, searching sometimes the land for its prey, which, when obtained, is transported to this subaquatic mansion, and devoured at leisure. The male as well as the female exhibits the same instinct. Early in the spring the former seeks the mansion of the latter, and having enlarged it by the introduction of a little more air, takes up its abode with its mate. About the middle of April the eggs are laid, and packed up in a silken cocoon in a corner of their house, and watched with incessant care by the female.

THE BRIGHTEST PLANET.—It is strange that of all the stars we see, Venus is the only one which resembles the earth in size. All the others are either very much smaller or very much larger. Most of them—in fact all the stars properly so called—are great globes of fire like our sun, and are thousands of times larger than the globe we inhabit. A few others are like Venus and the earth in not being true stars, but bodies traveling round the sun, and owing all their light to him. But it so happens that not even one of these is nearly of the same size as the earth. Venus is the only sister world the earth has among all the orbs which travel round the sun. There may be others in the far-off depths of space traveling around one or other of those suns which we call "stars," but if so, we can never know that such sister worlds exist, for no telescope could ever be made which would show them to us. Venus has, in the first place, been measured, and we find that she is a globe nearly as large as the earth. Like the earth, she travels round the sun continually; but not in the same time as the earth. The earth goes round the sun once in twelve months, while Venus goes around once in about seven and one-half months; so that her year, the time in which the seasons run their course, is four and one-half months less than ours. If Venus has four seasons like ours—spring, summer, autumn, and winter—each of these seasons lasts eight weeks. Venus also, like our earth, turns on her axis; it has night and day as we have.

THE FEMININE MOUTH.—A person who has made feminine mouths the subject of much study, volunteers his conclusions to males with sweethearts. They are as follows: If her mouth be very small, there is not much mind, but overmuch shallow sentiment. If she possesses a very large mouth, she will possess a good brain. If your sweetheart has a coarsely-formed mouth, she will be sensual and full of coarse, strong points of character. If she has a delicately formed mouth, with rounded lips and of a velvety color, she will have much sensibility and perfection of character, but will not astonish by her brilliancy of conception or execution. It is a good mouth because it is kissable and submissive. Shun blue-lipped or thin-lipped women; they will bore you to death with woman's rights.

Or no other condition should we extend one hand to receive honor, but that with the other we should transmit it to God.

THE THRUSH'S SONG.

BY RITA.

The fire burned low, the day was nearly ended,
And I was sad at heart and all alone;
My thoughts with pain and sorrow so were blended,
I turned impatient, with a heart-wrung groan,
To the wide window, where, through small soft rain,
A sweet thrush raised its lovely liquid strain.

The bird sang clear, and through his stream of singing
I seemed to hear him tell of Summer-time:
The Summer that pale Spring is surely bringing
To bless us with its rosy, perfumed clime,
And so I did forget my present woe
In thinking that this cold gray time will go.

The bird was silent, and no more forever
Could I distinguish him from all the rest;
Such birds are all alike; how could I sever
This one wild songster with the speckled breast
From that vast tribe whose songs are sung at eve
When daylight dies, and mourners sadly grieve?

What did it matter? 'Tis the song that lingers
Hid in the place that memory claims as his,
And none may tell when Time's cold withered fingers
May ope the shrine where that song surely is.
The singer dies, but leaves behind the song,
The only thing that to him doth belong.

And so, oh, heart! when thou art sad and tired,
Still sing thy songs. Perchance when thou art dead
One little word of hope, one thought inspired,
May still live on e'en though thyself art fled,
And if all dies, yet hast thou done thy best,
And so hast earned an everlasting rest.

Pansy's Card.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

'MISS CRANBORNE,' 'Miss Cranborne.' Why, they are all for you, Kitty, I declare! Here, take them away—take all the lot—and if you find a letter for me just hand it over."

"Don't be cross, father; and please don't call me Kitty."

The squire just then was finishing his cup of coffee, and a kind of gurgling growl was his only response.

"Just look!," cried Katherine, exultingly. She was busily sorting the letters, nearly all of which were placed in one pile. "Just look at them!"

"Are they all for you?"

"All these are. Now you see what it is to be a beauty!"

"And an heiress," added her father.

"Oh, of course—and an heiress?"

"But do you mean to say," continued the squire, as he took his own letters, "that there is not one for my little Pansy?"

Katherine gave a gesture of contempt.

"Of course there is not! She is by far too insignificant and insipid a creature to receive any such attentions."

"I do wish you would not make so many allusions to my fortune?"

"Can't help it, Kate. There's my Pansy as beautiful the flower I named her after. But she is no heiress! You understand?"

Katherine did not answer. She was anxiously scrutinizing the handwriting on the envelopes before proceeding to open any of them.

A young girl who had been seated opposite to her now rose, and going to the squire put her arms around his neck and kissed him fondly.

"Never mind, Pansy!" he said, "I am very glad no one sends you such rubbish. And I am thankful you are no heiress. Perhaps no one will want to take you from me!"

Tears rose into Pansy's eyes, for though she said nothing she could not help feeling a little pang of disappointment at the discovery that no one had thought it worth while to send her one card that brilliant New Year's morning. But she choked the tears back, and to hide her emotion, kissed her father again and again.

Squire Cranborne, the father of the two motherless girls who were at breakfast with him that morning, had married twice. His first wife, a vain, proud woman, had a large fortune in her own right, and on her decease—which occurred soon after Katherine's birth—she left all her property to her little daughter—to be held in trust until she should either marry or attain the age of twenty-one.

His second wife brought him no portion, save love, beauty, and a gentle disposition. She was the eldest daughter of the village curate, and it was a heavy blow to him when she died, on the second anniversary of her wedding-day.

He had never married again, though quite a young man when left for the second time a widower.

Thus it happened that Katherine and Pansy were half-sisters only; the one a rich heiress, and the other with only a modest portion.

Katherine was within a few months of her majority. Tall and beautiful, she was like her mother, vain and proud.

Pansy was a girl of a different stamp altogether; petite in figure and retiring in disposition, she was generally overlooked.

Of course it was very wrong of Squire Cranborne to like one daughter better than the other. But he did, and every one knew that the gentle, patient little Pansy, so much like the second wife he had loved so fondly, was his favorite.

The manifestations of affection now interchanged between them jarred on Katherine's feelings, and when she had finished examining the superscriptions, and looked up, her fair brows were contracted into an ugly frown.

"Gushing again!" she exclaimed, in a contemptuous voice. "I can't think how you can be so fond of kissing and cuddling.'

"You are vexed, Kate," said her father, "and so you are cross with us. I noticed your annoyance increase as you got to the bottom of the pile. You have been expecting a letter which has not arrived. I'll be bound there is not one of those addresses in Sir Charles Howell's handwriting!"

A crimson flush dyed Katherine's face as these words were spoken.

"I did expect a card from Sir Charles, of course," she replied, with difficulty curbing her vexation. "He must have sent one. Are you sure you emptied the letter-bag?"

"Yes, I think so. But you had better look—I have known letters to remain wedged in a corner more than once."

"And it has happened again," said Katherine, as she drew forth a crumpled envelope.

She glanced eagerly at the handwriting, and then, with an angry cry, let the letter fall.

"Not from Sir Charles after all," said the squire, taking hold of the missive. "Why, yes it is; but by George! it's addressed to you, Pansy—it's addressed to you!"

"Oh! impossible!" cried Pansy, blushing and trembling. "It must be some mistake?"

"Not a bit of it," cried her delighted father, in great exultation. "Here, open it at once and let me see! Why, what a very pretty card it is! Hillos there, Katherine! where are you going?"

But his eldest daughter made no reply. Gathering up her letters, she left the room hastily, in order that the tears of mortification which rose in her eyes should not be noticed as they coursed down her cheeks.

* * * * * * *

The Sir Charles Howell alluded to in the foregoing conversation was a young baronet who had not long returned from a sojourn in the East.

It was noticed that upon one pretext or other a great deal of his time was passed at Squire Cranborne's, and everybody arrived at the conclusion that the attraction was, and could be no other than, the rich and beautiful Katherine; who herself was fully convinced that she had a fresh worshipper at her shrine.

Accustomed to adulation and to receive attentions from every one, while her half-sister had never had even the semblance of a love, it had not occurred to her, until the arrival of the New Year's card, that Sir Charles could possibly take any notice of insignificant Pansy.

"It was foolish of me to be vexed. It is impossible that he could pass me over for Pansy! I feel sure he has sent me a card, but it has been delayed, and that one was only addressed to Pansy out of mere kindness of heart."

There was a tap at the door, and her maid entered.

"It is time, miss, to get ready. The carriage is ordered for eleven."

Katherine smiled as she remembered that Sir Charles had promised to accompany them to the country town—some ten miles away—where a bazaar or sale of fancy-work was to be held in aid of the funds required for the restoration of the ancient church.

At the opening ceremony it was expected that most, if not all, the influential families in the country would be represented.

The squire's daughters had been looking forward with pleased expectation to the occurrence of this event; and when Sir Charles had promised to be their escort, the old squire himself had gladly availed himself of the opportunity of staying away, as such gatherings were very far indeed from being to his taste.

Sir Charles appeared with all a lover's punctuality—that is, he arrived a half an hour before the time of starting. To his surprise, he found Katherine was ready too—a most unusual event, for she made it a point of honor always to keep her cavaliers waiting.

If, however, her design was to prevent the possibility of a meeting between the baronet and Pansy, she was perfectly successful. She never once left his side, until all three entered the carriage at the hall-door.

The squire stood on the steps watching their departure. His glowing countenance was beautiful with smiles, and he chuckled gleefully.

"That Howell is a sensible young fellow, and I admire his taste; I don't like the idea of losing my Pansy, though I would rather give her to him than anyone."

* * * * * * *

Crowded as the town hall was that New Year's day with all the youth and beauty of the neighborhood, the entrance of Sir Charles with his two lovely companions attracted immediate notice, and they were quickly surrounded by crowds of friends and acquaintances.

Among those who pressed forward was a certain Captain Sinister—a tall, fair man—conspicuous by his thick moustache, and long, flowing yellow beard, which descended to his breast.

He was one of Katherine's most pertinacious admirers, and she alternately rebuffed and encouraged him, as the humor suited her.

"I am so awful glad to see you this morning," he said, bending down to Katherine.

"Indeed! Why?"

"Will you allow me to show you? This way, please. The end of the room is fitted up as the Cave of Mystery, and there's a fortune-teller in it. It's real fun, I assure you."

"And may we follow you?" asked Sir Charles.

"Oh, certainly!"

Miss Cranborne put herself under the captain's escort with some misgiving. But at any rate she thought she should not be long in discovering what Sir Charles' intentions really were.

The Cave of Mystery, as it had been named, was just one of those nonsensical affairs common on these occasions. The principal amusement in connection with it was a fortune-teller doll—a quaintly-dressed little figure, which could be spun round very much after the fashion of the tee-totum.

Arranged around it in a circle were numerous small pieces of paper closely folded up.

The figure carried a kind of wand, which, when the gyration stopped, pointed of course to some one of the before mentioned pieces of paper.

For this peep into futurity a shilling was paid.

"Now, Miss Cranborne," said the captain, taking out his purse, "try your fortune?"

But Katherine resolutely refused, and declared that the whole thing was too childish for her to take any part in it.

Nor after this could Sir Charles prevail upon Pansy to make the trial, so he said—

"At least you will allow me?"

"Certainly. How can I have a voice in the matter?"

Sir Charles put down his money—the fortune-teller was spun around, and finally, after a little oscillation, stopped, with the wand pointing to one of the slips.

"Will you take it up, please?"

Sir Charles did so, and then read aloud:

"Seek her hand, and buy the ring;
Life-long happiness 'twill bring."

He tried to catch Pansy's glance, but in vain. She had heard the words, doubtless; but was now intent, upon some pretty trifles on a stall close by.

"By Jove?" drawled Captain Sinister. "Miss Cranborne. Do try—or let me?"

"You can try," said Katherine, but her voice was so harsh that all looked at her in surprise.

With well feigned anxiety the captain watched the motions of the oracle of fate. He pretended to tremble and hesitate at the idea of reading the slip:

"Have you not heard it said full oft——"

He read so far, then stopped suddenly. With an angry exclamation he tore the paper to atoms. The conclusion must have been something most unpalatable.

"What was it, Sinister?" cried Sir Charles, laughing.

But the captain's face wore such an angry look, that the baronet saw it would be injudicious to pursue the subject further.

"What could it have been?" whispered Pansy to Sir Charles, as they descended the broad staircase together.

"We shall never know, I expect," replied the baronet. Then, in a tender undertone, he added, inquiringly, "You received a New Year's card this morning?"

"Yes," she answered faintly, though her cheeks were aflame.

"And Miss Cranborne—Pansy—you remember the words on my slip of paper: 'Seek her hand, and buy the ring.' If I buy the ring, will you wear it, Pansy?"

He drew a breath of relief when she turned her blushing, smiling face full upon him. But she lowered her eyes immediately, and said—

"I don't know—indeed I don't! You must really ask papa."

How Marbles are Made.—Marbles are named from the Latin word 'marmora,' by which similar playthings were known to the boys of Rome 2,000 years ago. Some marbles are made of potter's clay and baked in an oven just as earthenware is baked, but most of them are made of a hard kind of stone found in Germany. Marbles are manufactured there in great numbers and sent to all parts of the world, even to China, for the use of the Chinese children. The stone is broken up with a hammer into square pieces, which are ground round in a mill. The mill has a fixed slab of stone, with its surface full of little grooves of furrows. Above this a flat block of oak wood of the same size of the stone is made to turn round rapidly, and while turning little streams of water run in the grooves and keep the mill from getting too hot. About one hundred of the square pieces of stone are put in the grooves at once, and in a few minutes are made round and polished by wooden blocks.

China and white marbles are known to the boys as "chinas" or "alleys." Real china ones are made of porcelain clay, and baked like chinaware or other pottery. Some of them have a pearly glaze, and some are painted in various colors, which will not rub off, because they are baked in just as the pictures are on plate and other tableware.

Glass marbles are known as "glass-agates." They are made of both clear and colored glass. The former are made by taking up a little melted glass on the end of a iron rod and making it round by dropping it into a round mold, which shapes it.

In this issue of The Post will be found a large number of testimonials, in endorsement of the superior qualities of the Frank Siddalls Soap. As we have personally examined the letters and postal-cards from which the testimonials have been taken, our readers may rely upon their authenticity; and we add, that our own use of the article has shown us that it possesses all the merits these correspondents have found in it, and all that the inventor claims for it.

Scientific and Useful.

Flies.—Flies are said soon to disappear from a room containing a plate of the following mixture: Half a teaspoonful of black pepper in powder, one of brown sugar, and one of cream mixed together.

The Telephone.—The telephone has been enlisted in a new service at Chicago, as an aid to the police and patrol system of the city. Public alarm-stations, resembling sentry-boxes, are established at various points. In case of emergency, a citizen can communicate from one of these boxes to the nearest district office, and obtain what aid he needs. He can, if necessary, lock himself in secure from attack, and at the same time telegraph his situation.

New Incubator.—A very perfect form of incubator has lately been patented in this country. The gas or oil flame is so controlled by a magnetic regulator that the heat can never rise or fall beyond certain points. The eggs are automatically shifted in their places at regular intervals by means of clock-work. Many good egg-hatching machines have now been invented; indeed there is no difficulty about procuring chickens by such means. The real difficulty lies in keeping them alive after they have left the egg.

Argentic Paper.—One of the most important advances in photography is represented in the argentic paper recently introduced. Requiring no preparation further than that it receives at the hands of its makers, this paper will prove quite a boon to photographers for the purpose of producing large pictures from small ones. A sheet of the paper, pinned against the wall, receives the image of any small negative by means of a magic lantern. In a few seconds the exposure is complete, and the picture, under the persuasion of a simple developing fluid, speedily makes its appearance.

Photography in Color.—The specification of a patent for obtaining photographs in color has recently been made public; and although it seems rather too elaborate for commercial use, it exhibits much ingenuity. From a negative, a positive proof is taken upon paper in the usual way; but it is purposely only slightly printed, a ghost of what an ordinary print should be. This serves as a guide for the colorist, who by its aid fills in the picture with broad masses of bright color without any regard to light or shade, much as a child would adorn a wood cut with water-colors. The surface now receives a coating of albumen, to protect its tints from the after-treatment. This consists in rendering the paper once more sensitive to light, by floating it on a bath of nitrate of silver. It is then placed once more beneath the original negative, so that the image can be printed in its full vigor above the color. The print is then toned and fixed in the ordinary manner; and a photograph in color is the result.

Farm and Garden.

Tar should never be applied to fruit trees; it destroys the bark not only where it is applied, but where it washes down.

To Preserve Harness.—The straps should be washed and oiled whenever it has been moistened by sweat or soiled by mud. If harness is thoroughly cleaned twice a year, and when unduly exposed treated as we have recommended, the leather will retain its softness and strength for many years.

The Toad.—A careful observer reports that he has seen a toad swallow fifty-four rose-bugs for a single meal, and another feast on five large green caterpillars two-thirds the size of a lady's little finger. They will even take the hairy caterpillars that most birds dislike. Farmers would do well to cultivate so useful though humble a friend.

Crows and Corn.—The Boston *Cultivator* gives the following remedy for corn-eating crows: To prevent crows from pulling corn make a solution of copperas. Use for a bushel of seed corn a half pound of copperas, and when dissolved add one quarter of a pound of chloride of lime; soak the seed in this from 12 to 48 hours, it will hasten germination, the corn coming up a rich green, and the crows will not meddle with it.

Slugs.—The Paris *Figaro* gives the following advice to gardeners respecting the killing of slugs: Do not waste your orange peel, but make an incision around it midway and remove carefully in halves, take the two cups and place them, hollow downwards, one on the grass and the other among the plants or vegetables, at the end of a few days you may be rid of all slugs, black and green. Every morning you will find they have taken refuge under the two cups of orange peel, and can be easily destroyed.

Stables for Horses.—Some of the holes into which horses are put cannot be called stables. There is often no light but what can get in through the cracks of doors or sides, no ventilation or means for proper drainage. To care for the comfort and health of horses should be the first thing to be considered when building or repairing a horse stable. Pure air and sufficient light should be given in all stables when possible. To secure a constant supply of pure air, horses require more cubic space than is generally allowed them, both in height of stable and number of square feet of floor allowed to each horse. Proper ventilation is a very important item in the general make up of a stable. When practicable, put windows into the south side of the stable, to allow the horses to get the benefit of sunshine. Animals of all kinds keep in better condition when well stabled.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

Important Notice!

☞ **As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time until further notice.**

THE NEW PREMIUMS.

Our DIAMANTE BRILLIANT Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely want every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests, we beg leave to call attention to the following

TERMS TO CLUBS:

1 copy one year with either of the Diamond Premiums $2.37
2 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each 4.60
3 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each 7.20

and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter, at our risk. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address, if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 13, 1881.

Table of Contents.

SERIALS—"HER OWN DECEPTION," and "A LIFE'S MISTAKE."
SHORT STORIES.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
FACETIÆ.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
HUMORous.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
PROHIBITIVES.
FACETIÆ.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
EDITORIALS.
SANCTUM CHAT.
CORRESPONDENCE.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

STEADFASTNESS.

The man who hesitates as to which of two things he will do, will do neither. The man who resolves, but allows his resolution to be changed by the first counter suggestion of a friend, who fluctuates in opinion, from plan to plan, and veers like a weathercock, to every point of the compass, with every breath of caprice that blows, can never accomplish anything useful or great. Instead of going in any one thing, he will be at best stationary, and probably retrograde in all. It is only the man who chooses wisely, then resolves firmly, and executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit, that can advance to eminence in any line. Let us take, by way of illustration, the case of a student: He begins the study of the dead languages; presently a friend comes and tells him he is wasting his time, and had much better employ himself in acquiring new ideas. He changes his plans, and sets to work at mathematics. Then comes another friend, who, with a grave and sapient face, asks him if he intends to become a professor in a college; because if he does not he is misemploying his time; and that, for the business of life, common mathematics ought to be enough of mathematical science. He throws up his Euclid and addresses himself to some other science, which in its turn is again relinquished on an equally wise suggestion; and thus is life spent in changing his plans. You must perceive the folly of his course; and the worst of it is the fixing on the mind a habit of indecision, sufficient of itself to blast the fairest prospects. No; take your course wisely, but firmly; and having taken it hold upon it with heroic resolution, and the Alps and Pyrenees will sink before you—the whole empire of learning will lie at your feet, while those who set out with you, but stopped to change their plans, are yet employed in the same unprofitable business. Let your motto be perseverance. Practice upon it, and you will be convinced of its value by the distinguished eminence to which it will conduct you.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A BUREAU has been established in Chicago for the purpose of supplying clergymen with sermons. It is said to be of foreign origin.

—

THE German postoffice uses postage stamps whose colors can be canceled by water. This always prevents fraud, for as soon as the stamps are washed, the color is obliterated.

—

IT is asserted that a large proportion of the magnificent wedding presents given in London now are procured on trust, and that if ready money were required, they would be of a different sort.

—

IN some of the large towns thieves send one of their number to a house ostensibly to put up door numbers, but while inducing the residents to talk about changing the address in the directory, he obtains impressions for false keys.

—

A SOCIETY is now forming in England to introduce the "participation" system of manufacturing, in which a share of the net profits in an undertaking is allotted to the workmen in addition to their wages paid at the full market rate. No less than one hundred firms in continental Europe are now worked on this plan with satisfactory results.

—

A YOUNG MAN was recently found in the Mersey, drowned. On a paper in his pocket was written: "A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me: drink was the cause. Let me die—let me rot." Within a week the coroner of Liverpool received over two hundred letters from fathers and mothers all over England, asking for a description of the young man, and saying that their boy had been drawn away from them by drink.

—

IN 1875 a Mourning Reform Association was started in England by three ladies, and has certainly commended itself to the public mind to some extent, seeing that it now numbers 450 members. It discourages the use of mourning stationery, wearing of crape, and putting of children and servants into black; recommends that mourning should be shown by a black band round the arm, or by a black scarf; and aims generally at lessening mourning.

—

A PROMINENT Chicago paper tells us a singular story of a man who became a beggar by falling asleep in the street, with his hat in his hand. On awakening he found it contained one dollar in small coins. As he was sick and destitute, he concluded that begging was a good business, and went into it systematically. In six years he received $30,000, and with that he dropped the business, speculated in western lands, and is now a millionaire.

—

THOSE persons who are fond of tracing great events to small causes, may find a strong instance in the death of the late ex-Prince Imperial of France. He was very agile, and would unquestionably have vaulted into his saddle, with an excellent chance of escaping from the Zulus, but the leather of the saddle-flap (probably supplied by a fraudulent contractor, whose nefariousness was probably overlooked by a careless store-inspector) tore in his hand, and a piece of rotten leather perhaps changed the fate of empires.

—

A SIGNIFICANT movement is going on in England to promote the emigration of young women whose chances for happy and useful lives at home are small. The excess of the female population, on an average of censuses, has been computed at half a million, and a large proportion of this excess would be welcomed in the English colonies. A prominent London paper points out that the chief obstacle to such a deportation exists in the disinclination of English women to emigrate. Their home ties are stronger than those of men, they are not so animated by the spirit of adventure, and do not so easily yield to the inspiration of new fortunes and new surroundings.

—

THE influence of woman in journalism in the United States is far greater than appears on the surface. The fact is that there are sixty papers and periodicals openly edited and published by women gives but a faint idea of the extent of their connection with journalism. The number of female contributors in all classes of papers and magazines is not known to the public; and not always to the publishers, from the fact that in the higher class of periodicals they frequently adopt male pen-names; while many others form a part of the editorial staff of influential journals, where, as impersonal contributors, sex is not recognized.

—

IT is proposed to issue a new species of postal money-order, whereby small amounts may be sent by mail as conveniently as in the days of paper fractional currency. This is to be effected by means of a slip similar to the tickets used on some railroads, the amount coveted by it to be indicated by punching out the number on one side. The design is simple, appears effective, and if carried out, will certainly be a great convenience. The fractional currency issued during the war created an entirely new system of shopping by mail, which the re-introduction of silver checked to a very great degree. The proposed form of order will restore the old convenience.

—

THE new Emperor of Russia, it is said, is determined to mark in every way that he is a Russian, and not a man "vitiated by the worn-out ideas of the West." He orders that peasant deputations should be introduced first, has commanded the army to wear beards, and has clothed the St. Petersburg police in the old costume of Russia, known in Western Europe as Tartar dress. This exactly accords with his conduct in issuing, on his accession, a special address to the peasantry, as if they were the immediate supporters of his throne and with his rumored intention of transferring his residence to the Kremlin. This attitude should increase the popular regard for him, but, then, is popular regard of any use when the educated class is so out of humor that it sympathizes with those who employ bullets?

—

A RAG-DEALER estimates that each of the 50,000,000 people of the United States discards an average of five pounds of clothing yearly, which makes 350,000,000 pounds for the whole. Then, he says, there are the tailoring establishments, big and little, whose cuttings are not much less in quantity, in the aggregate, than the cast-off clothes of the nation at large, while their quality as rags is greatly superior. Then there are carpets, bedding, curtains, and other domestic articles of cloth of some kind, which make up a goodly bulk in the course of a year. These different articles combined make up another 250,000,000 pounds of cloth material, which has been discarded from use, and which eventually finds its way into the ragman's bale.

—

AN exhibition of a singular character is to be held in Berlin next year. It is to be an illustration of heraldry in all its phases, and the Emperor is to be its patron. In the display of helmets, weapons, seals, letters and patents of nobility, banners, gold and silver work and gems, many curious and valuable historical and artistic relics will doubtless be included. A London paper cynically observes: "Upon the whole, however, the result must be a most monstrous and incomparably wild assemblage of absurdities, since, of all the fantastic exaggerations ever invented by the German genius, its heraldry has been about the worst, that even of England not excepted. There is, however, something hopeful in the fact of the forthcoming exhibition. When such things are collected together for men to admire, or wonder or smile at, as they please, there is pretty clear proof that they are very near being classed among the bygones."

—

THE penal code of China contains a provision which is correctly translated as follows: "All persons renouncing their country and allegiance or devising the means thereof, shall be beheaded, and in the punishment of this offence no distinction shall be made between principals and accessories. The property of all such criminals shall be confiscated, and their wives and children distributed as slaves to the great officers of State. * * The parents, grandparents, brothers and grandchildren of such criminals, whether habitually living with them under the same roof or not, shall be perpetually banished to the distance of 2,000 leagues. All those who purposely conceal or connive at this crime shall be strangled. Those who inform against criminals of this class shall be rewarded with the whole of their property. * * * If the plan is contrived, but not executed, the principals are to be strangled, and the accessories punished with blows and banishment."

—

WHEN young men are brought to ruin by extravagant expenditure, the fault is often not wholly their own—and this is especially true of those who are living with their parents, and are under age. The father and mother, if they do their duty, and are not culpably negligent, will know the amount of the income of the son, the source from which it is derived, and also pretty nearly what his expenditures are, and the knowledge that they are giving attention to these matters will be a strong check against wrong-doing, if any check be required. They will also know how he spends his evenings, and what his associates are; if he is spending money freely, they will find out where it comes from. And the employers of the boys, and especially of those holding responsible positions, neglect a duty they owe both to themselves and to those in their employ if they do not inform themselves as to their habits, that they may grow up frugal, industrious, and honest.

—

OF late years there has been much discussion as to whether vaccination is really a safeguard against small-pox, and the following statistics which have been published by the medical officer of the London Local Government Board during the present epidemic of the disease in the English metropolis, will be found to be valuable data from which the question may be argued intelligently on both sides. During the past year 1,532 persons of all ages died in London of small-pox, and of those 325 were certified to have been vaccinated, while the facts about vaccination are not stated in 570 of the cases. 637 had not been vaccinated. Estimates made by the Metropolitan Asylums Board in 1878 gives the London vaccinated as nineteen times more numerous than the unvaccinated. According to this, out of the 3,810,000 inhabitants given in the unrevised census of 1881, 3,620,000 have been vaccinated, and the unvaccinated class numbers 190,000. Applying the mortality from small-pox at all ages to these classes, it is found that the rate of the small-pox mortality for the twelvemonth among the vaccinated is but ninety per million, while among the unvaccinated it reaches the enormous figure of 3,350 per million.

—

THE Special Committee of the Georgia Legislature appointed to inspect the convict camps of the State, has reported upon their condition in a way which leaves no room to doubt that the chain-gang system, as it is carried on in Georgia, is brutal and disgraceful. The report clearly reveals a purpose to keep well within the limits of exaggeration; indeed, it is altogether too mild and colorless when alluding to outrages which exist without a shadow of defense. The committee received frequent complaints of overwork, insufficient food, brutal punishment, and compulsory labor in spite of sickness. Naturally a better condition of affairs was found in some camps than in others, and in one or two cases the committee found little to condemn. The almost universal punishment is whipping on the naked body with a leather strap. It might have been hoped that the committee would close its report with an unanimous recommendation that the chain-gang should be abolished, but instead of this a few suggestions were made from which it is not to be expected that much good can result. Naturally, the lessees of the convicts who make a large profit from their labor would oppose the establishment of a more decent and humane system, but it is believed that a public sentiment is growing in Georgia which sooner or later will demand such a change.

LOVE AND TIME.

BY SEGUR.

Long years ago, Old Time, 'tis said,
While plodding his weary way,
Came to a stream which swiftly sped,
And to cross it did vain essay.
"Help!" cried he. "Consider my years!
Will none of you aid me? Alas,
Good friends, I entreat you with tears,
Hither, and help Old Time to pass!"

None heeded his cry till wafted where
Some damsels in idleness rove,
On further side. To bring him there,
Speed they a skiff propelled by Love.
Others, more staid, were fain to cheek,
And warningly chanted this rhyme:
"Ah, many a life has made shipwreck
In seeking thus to pass Old Time!"

Young Love made gaily for the shore
Whereon the old wanderer wept;
Proudly turned to ferry him o'er,
Full strong though the dark current swept.
Plying his oars, the radiant boy
Gaily sang and re-sang this rhyme:
"See, see, dear girls, behold with joy,
How Young Love carries off Old Time!"

Vain boast! Soon spent, down droops his head
('Twas ever this way, I am told;)
Old Time takes up the oars instead:
"Tired so soon, yet erewhile so bold?
Poor child, how feebly formed thou art!
Rest, then, now whilst I sing my rhyme—
An old refrain from broken heart—
"Love is carried away by Time."

Nearly Parted.

BY HENRY FRITH.

THE bright sunshine peered into the breakfast-room of Oldford House, and rested on the golden-brown tresses of Evelyn Grey, as she sat near the window, her head bent over a note which had been brought from Vane Court a short time before by a mounted groom.

Lying on the table, enclosed in a small box, was a beautiful white rose, which had accompanied the note. This consisted of but a few lines in a firm, manly hand.

"DEAR MISS GRAY,—I must know to-night whether my future life is to be happy or miserable. I am sure that you must know that I love you dearly. Will you be my wife? If you wear the rose which I send with this, at the ball at Aston House to-night, I shall read the sign as an affirmative answer. If you do not, I shall know that you cannot return my love, and though the knowledge would well nigh break my heart, I will pray Heaven to make you as happy as I would have striven to do.

HUGH VANE."

Evelyn closed the note, and, rising her head, gazed through the window, a happy light shining in her gentle brown eyes; for she knew that Hugh Vane was more to her than all the world beside.

He was so different from most of the other men she had met; mere coxcombs, many of them, whose principal object in life seemed to be to make dandies of themselves, and flirt desperately with the opposite sex, whenever opportunity served.

But Sir Hugh Vane was the very opposite of this. He did not mix much in the world's gaieties and dissipations. His manner was quiet and reserved, and he seemed ill at ease in the giddy whirl of society.

Many match-making mammas, with marriageable daughters on their hands, had done their utmost to secure the rich baronet for one or other of their charges; but hitherto, he had escaped the darts of Cupid, only to be wounded at last with a fatal thrust.

Two years before this morning, Mrs. Grey, who had recently lost her husband, came with her daughter, to live at Oldford House, which was about a mile from Vane Court, where Sir Hugh lived with his mother.

And it was not long before he knew that in this gentle, brown-eyed girl of twenty, rested all his hopes of happiness.

He loved her. The word is soon said, often lightly spoken; but to Hugh Vane, it meant an all-pervading passion, filling his life, which nothing on earth had power to change.

Evelyn sat for some time lost in the happiness of her first love dream. Then the rose was carried up to her own room, and placed with tender care on her dressing-table.

The ball at Aston House was being given by Colonel Aston, on the occasion of his only son's twenty-first birthday.

It was to be a brilliant affair; most of the leading families of the county were to be present.

Evelyn had looked forward to it for some time; but now a new brightness was added to the anticipation, which filled her heart with a great overflowing joy.

* * * * * *

"Oh! Tom, what have you done?"

Evelyn had gone up to dress for the evening, and on opening her room door had seen something which had called forth the distressed cry.

To explain, we must go back a little.

Evelyn was Mrs. Grey's second child. Her eldest daughter was dead. When but nineteen she had been captivated by the handsome face and flattering words of a certain gay Captain, and, in spite of her parent's warnings and advice, had foolishly eloped with him.

As often happens in such cases, her husband soon became tired of her, and treated her with such neglect and cruelty, that in twelve months she had fled from him, and with difficulty reached her old home again, broken down in health and spirit, and with her baby on her breast.

She had not lived long after this, praying her mother with her last breath to take care of her boy, and keep him from his cruel father.

The child was now three years old, a sturdy little fellow, always contriving to get into mischief; the pet and plague of the household; and when Evelyn opened her room door, it was he whom she saw sitting on the floor, with the stem of her precious rose in his hand, and the petals strewn all around him.

"Oh! Tom," she said, "what made you touch my flower? You don't know what you have done, child!"

She could not repress a few bitter tears, and when Tom saw his "auntie" crying, he cried for company, and emitted such dismal wails, that his nurse came hurrying in, thinking that some dreadful accident had happened to him.

"What have you been doing, you naughty boy?" she said. "I'm sure Miss," turning to Evelyn, who had recovered her composure, "I only stepped out of the nursery for a minute; but if one turns one's back for a second, he's off like anything."

Then she hurried him back, scolding him all the way.

* * * * * *

When Evelyn entered the ball-room at Aston House with her mother, many eyes were turned admiringly upon her.

Her rather tall figure appeared to advantage in her cream-colored dress of some soft flowing material.

The only ornament she wore was a string of costly pearls round her slender white neck.

Letty Aston, the Colonel's only daughter, a bright, winning girl of nineteen was soon at Evelyn's side.

"Oh! you dear child," she said, "I'm so glad you have come. And you look splendid, you do indeed," she added, as they seated themselves in a quiet corner. "You will be the belle of the evening, I know."

"Don't be foolish, Letty," said Evelyn, smiling.

"Do you know, Evelyn," Letty went on, turning abruptly to another subject, which was one of her peculiarities, "there's that horrid Mrs. Delaine here; her husband has only been dead twelve months, and I believe she is doing all she can to get another. I'm sure I don't know what makes papa ask her. I detest her. The way in which she has been monopolising Sir Hugh Vane ever since he came, is shameful. The poor man looks bored to death. See, there they are, at the other side of the room."

Letty did not notice Evelyn's heightened color, nor the eager anxious look in her face, as she turned in the indicated direction.

She saw Sir Hugh listening to the animated talk of a lady of about thirty, very much over-dressed in pink silk.

Her daintily gloved hand held a costly fan, with which she occasionally emphasised her remarks by tapping the baronet's arm.

Sir Hugh was a tall, handsome man, with dark brown hair, clear gray eyes, and broad forehead; his thick brown moustache did not conceal the kindly expression of his mouth; his complexion, from frequent outdoor exercise, was of a healthy ruddiness.

He certainly did not appear to be enraptured with his companion's conversation; he raised his hand every now and then to stroke his moustache, perhaps to cover a slight yawn, or perhaps to hide an amused smile at the senseless tattle with which he was being regaled.

Evelyn was aroused from the contemplation of the scene by a gentleman claiming her hand for a quadrille.

As she passed up the room, her hand on her partner's arm, she glanced at Sir Hugh again, and saw his eyes fixed upon her.

She felt the blood rush to her face under his earnest gaze.

She could not speak to him then, and simply bowed as she passed him.

He returned the bow, and resigned himself again to Mrs. Delaine.

Evelyn's partner was a faultlessly-dressed, flaxen-haired gentleman, who surveyed her critically through an eye-glass, and strove to draw her into conversation.

But her thoughts were otherwise engaged, and she answered his remarks rather at random, so he dropped his eye-glass from his eye, and paced through the remaining figures in solemn silence.

"A very pretty girl, that Miss Grey," he said, afterwards, to one of his friends, "but awfully slow company."

A little later on, Evelyn and Letty were standing together, when they were joined by Herbert Aston, Letty's brother, in whose honor the evening's gaiety was being held.

After a few common-place remarks, he said to his sister—

"By the way, Letty, what is the matter with Sir Hugh to-night?"

"I didn't know that there was anything the matter with him," she said. "Why do you ask?"

"I really believe," he said, "that one of you ladies has been dashing his hopes to the ground."

"What has put that wise idea into your head?" asked Letty.

"Well, I met him on the stairs just now, and he bade me good-bye all in a hurry; said he had been called away, and was going to London by the ten o'clock train from Lawton in the morning, on his way to the Continent. It's very strange, for I don't think he had any intention of going when he came to-night."

"If he has been refused by anyone," said Letty, "it's not that Mrs. Delaine. She would have him fast enough, if he asked her."

Herbert laughed, and then, his eyes lighting on Evelyn's face, he said—

"Are you ill, Miss Grey?" for she had turned pale to the very lips, and seemed on the point of fainting.

"I don't feel well," said she, trying to recover herself; "it must be the heat, I think."

"Let me take you downstairs," he said, offering her his arm, and Evelyn was glad of the support, for she could scarcely have stood without it.

They went downstairs, and Herbert got her an ice.

"If you will be kind enough to find my mamma, Mr. Aston," said Evelyn, "I should be so much obliged. I believe I shall have to go home."

Herbert went, and soon returned with Mrs. Grey.

"What is the matter, my dear?" she asked.

"I suppose the heat has made me feel faint, mamma," she said. "I think I had better go home."

So the carriage was sent for, and Evelyn, sinking into her corner of it, indulged in some sorrowful tears. Her anticipated happy evening had been so different from what she had expected and hoped.

Meanwhile, Sir Hugh Vane went home in a hopeless, desponding sort of mood.

"I was an idiot," he said, bitterly, "to think she would care for me. She has so many admirers. Why, that Herbert Aston, for one, would give his right hand for a smile from her. And I thought she would give them all up for me. Well"—with a great sigh—"I shall be far away from her soon; she shall not be annoyed by seeing me near her; but I cannot forget her. I shall love her till I die."

Sir Hugh's valet was surprised to receive an order from his master, to pack a portmanteau for him before he retired.

"I am going to London by the ten o'clock train to-morrow, Lewis," he said. "You must follow me later with the luggage. I may be away some time; but I cannot say yet where I shall go to."

* * * * * *

9:45—The London train at Lawton Station preparing to depart—porters rushing about with great trucks of luggage—passengers hurrying two and fro—the engine snorting and hissing as if impatient to be gone.

A light dog-cart drove up to the station entrance. Sir Hugh held the reins, and a man-servant sat behind with his portmanteau at his feet.

The man sprang down and went to the horse's head. Sir Hugh alighted and walked toward the booking-office, after giving some instructions to the servant. He looked pale and ill, for he had passed a sleepless night.

A porter advanced, and took the portmanteau on his shoulder.

"For London, sir?" he asked, touching his cap.

"Yes."

"All right, sir; you have only five minutes."

And he took his burden to the luggage-van.

Sir Hugh advanced to the ticket-window to procure his ticket.

As he did so, a hand was laid upon his arm.

He turned round, and started so violently that he dropped the sovereign which he had drawn from his purse to pay for his ticket.

"Evelyn!" he said, "you here!"

The girl's eyes looked pleadingly up into his.

"Hugh!" she said, softly, "don't go away."

He caught her hand in his, regardless of where they were standing.

"My darling," he whispered, "nothing in the world shall take me from you; but—I thought——"

"Yes, I know what you thought," she said, the blushes dyeing her cheeks; "but—come away from here—I will explain to you afterwards."

The man-servant was just turning the horse round to drive home again, when he was astonished by being called by his master to stop, and then was more astonished at being ordered to go and get the portmanteau out of the train again.

Then Sir Hugh drove Evelyn home, and gradually the whole story came out; how little mischievous Tom, by destroying the rose, had been so nearly the means of separating them, perhaps for years—perhaps for ever.

"And you thought I did not care for you?" said Evelyn, looking slyly up into her lover's face.

"Never mind what I thought," said he, drawing her to him. "I shall try to imagine that the past twelve hours have been a bad dream, from which I have but just awoke; but the awakening is so happy that it more than atones for the miserable vision."

And he pressed his lips on the golden hair which rested on his shoulder.

WE must confess that we never discovered anything particularly "holy" in the "foaming waters of Niagara," or recognised any special "mission" therein. And they never addressed to us such an exhortation as "Come, behold; think; and grow thou better for thy reflections;" but they always admonished us to incur no more risk than was necessary of slipping over the bank.

"I HAVEN'T work enough for another servant," said a lady to a girl that applied for a situation. "Oh, yes, you have, ma'am. It'll take precious little to keep me busy," was the native response.

TRAITS OF BIRDS.

FEW birds are more attached to mankind, more docile in a domesticated state, more sensible to attractions and the want of them, or more intellectual, than the trumpeter-bird of Guiana. It is among birds, in some measure, the counterpart of the dog among quadrupeds. Like the latter, it is obedient to the voice of its master, follows or precedes him on a journey, quits him with regret, and hails his return with gladness. In several districts, it is intrusted with the charge of the poultry, and even of the sheep, which it conducts home every evening.

One day, an eagle was observed frequently to dart towards the Missouri, and then to rise again. His evolutions attracting attention, it was observed that he was endeavoring to take a wild goose, which had alighted in the river, and which dived to avoid him; but, on rising to get breath, was again attacked, and had again to dive, in order to save himself. The chase had continued in this way some time, the goose apparently yielding, when it suddenly turned and made for the shore, where two men were at work. It there landed, and walking leisurely up to the men, permitted itself to be taken by them without an effort to escape. It appeared extremely exhausted.

In the vicinity of Canton, but more especially about Whampoa, may be seen numbers of the duck-boats, used by the owners and their families as well as for their numerous feathered charge. The birds inhabit the hold of the boat, and the keeper the upper accommodations of the vessel. These boats are most abundant about the rice-fields, near the river, soon after the harvest has been gathered in. The owner of the boat moves it about from place to place, according to the opportunities that may be offered to him of feeding his flock. On the arrival of the boat at the appointed spot, by a signal or whistle, the flock cross a board placed for their accommodation, and then ramble about for food, till their keeper considers they have had enough, when a signal is made for the return of the birds; immediately upon hearing which, they congregate and re-enter the boat. The first duck that enters is rewarded with some paddy, and the last is whipped for being dilatory; so that it is curious to see the late birds, as if aware of the fate that awaits them, making efforts to fly over the backs of others, to prevent being the last of the flock.

A short time since, a singular combat took place between a crow and a duck, in a mill-dam. On a small island situated in the mill-dam, a duck deposited her eggs, which a crow from a neighboring tree regularly robbed her of. At length, the duck, after keeping watch some time, caught the crow in the act of stealing one, when she seized the thief with her broad bill, and after a long and violent struggle in the water, succeeded in drowning it.

A jackdaw was one day observed at the top of a tree in a plantation, in Lancashire. Knowing that it was near a thrush nest, which contained several half-fledged young ones, some workmen began to watch its movements, which were specially directed toward that object. When the daw arrived at the nest, it seized one of the young ones, which it carried to the top of a tree, and then to its nest, which was in one of the chimneys of a house, situated at a short distance. Upon inspection, the thrush-nest was found empty.

Some years since, a gentleman observed a number of martens darting with great violence and noise at a nest under some eaves, which attack they maintained for a considerable time; at length it subsided, and the birds forsook the building. Two or three days elapsed, when, reflecting on the singularity of the circumstance, his curiosity prompted him to examine the nest which had been so violently besieged a few days previously; and, much to his astonishment, he found that it was entirely blocked up, and a male and female sparrow, with several young ones, dead within it. The sparrows, it appears, had taken possession of the nest, and the martens had avenged the usurpation by destroying them.

Beside a singular elegance of form and beauty of plumage, the eyes of the lapwing is peculiarly soft and expressive; it is large, black, and full of lustre, rolling, as it seems to do, in liquid gems of dew. Having shot a bird of this beautiful species, I found on taking it up, that it was not dead, but had a wound in its breast, from which some big drops of blood stained the whiteness of its feathers. As I held up the hapless bird in my hand, hundreds of its companions hovered round my head, uttering continued shrieks of distress, and, by their plaintive cries, appeared to bemoan its fate; whilst the wounded bird continually moaned, with a kind of inward, wailing note, expressive of the keenest anguish, and raising its drooping head, turned toward the wound on its breast, which it touched with its bill, and then looked up in my face, with an expression I shall never forget.

A YOUNG school miss, whose teacher taught her that two negatives were equivalent to an affirmative, on being asked by a suiter for her assent to marry him, replied, "No, no." The swain looked astonished and bewildered—she referred him to the grammar, when for the first time, he learned that no meant yes!

WEDDING RINGS.—An old author says: "The form of the ring being circular, that is round and without end, importeth thus much: that their mutual love and hearty affection should heartily flow from one end to the other, as in a circle—and that continually and forever."

"REALLY, TOO UTTERLY—QUITE."

BY OSCAR WILDE.

Ah, bring me the sunflower and lily,
Let me live in the glorious sight;
Though Philistines say it is silly,
It is really, too utterly—quite!

Let me twine, let each member contorted,
Show visions æsthetic and bright;
What is art if we are not distorted,
And really, too utterly—quite?

Let the dull-faded green be my raiment,
Relieved by no touches of light;
We'll talk not of tailors' repayment,
For we're really, too utterly, quite!

If æsthetic perfection you long for,
And wish for a task in the sight,
In the Park we go in rather strong for
The really, too utterly—quite!

"Quite too too!" you hear the words muttered:
Ah, yes, the thing here is quite right—
Man and woman are thoroughly "utt'ered,"
And are really, too utterly—quite!

The Prophetic Drum.

BY C. N. RICE.

IT was a beautiful day in May. The sun shot down his rays from a throne of the clearest blue. A gentle breeze sang merrily through the trees, and early flowers unfolded their gay colors in many a quiet spot.

The streets of Klare had been early alive this morning with a hurrying people, whose faces all wore a look of happy expectancy. As the day advanced they increased in numbers, until the town presented a crowded appearance. A great review was to take place. All the militia of the State was here, a number that appeared almost innumerable to the quiet town's people.

And this wondrous host was to be marshalled by one of our most noble generals. This, of itself, was sufficient to fill the people with enthusiasm, and it was not a quiet people that waited impatiently for the hour of the march.

Ere long it started, and as the column advanced it was a grand sight, with its glistening bayonets, flying banners, and stirring music, and loud and long were the cheers which greeted it as they marched along.

Among those who had come from a distance was James Hadley. He had deserted his plow for one day, and now with his son William, a lad of twelve years, stood on the sidewalk a pleased observer of the passing scene. To James the sight was grand, and it filled his heart with enthusiasm, but William was not so affected. He took little notice of the procession. The first taps of the drums had awakened him as it were from a sleep, that seemed to him to have reached through the past years.

A new life opened up before him, and, young as he was, he felt a change come over him. His boyhood passed away, and he felt as though he was already battling in the future, accomplishing some noble action to which the drums were calling him.

The column passed by and the notes died away, then he recovered himself and turned his attention to other things, but it was impossible for him to dismiss the beats of the drums; they were constantly ringing in his ears, and even after his return home the terump! terump! terump! a-dub, dub, dub, dub! kept him company for many a day.

Time passed rapidly. Ten years were soon gone. In the meantime William Hadley had grown to be a man and the possessor of a mind well stored with useful knowledge. He had left the farm and now possessed an enviable clerkship in the same town. But he was not satisfied. There seemed to be a duty before him which as yet he could not discover. At last, however, the hour was near at hand.

The great civil war was raging. The call for men had gone forth, and again was heard the sound of the drums in the town. The streets were again filled with people, but the happy countenances were wanting which were seen ten years ago. This was a sad day. A thousand of the citizens were leaving for the seat of war, and the loudest cheer of the day went up as Captain Hadley passed. He bowed to the ovation, the band broke forth, the drums beat, and they marched away.

A great battle was in progress. The boom of cannon, the hiss of shells, the sharp report of musketry, the shouts of the living as they made the wild charge, and the groans of the dying, had been commingling and welding themselves into one mighty roar for some hours.

Captain, now Colonel Hadley, felt all the excitement incident to the occasion. His regiment had been watchers only of the battle, and their patience had been severely tried by the compelled idleness. Now it was almost impossible to restrain the men, and the complaints were loud and mutinous. The situation became more critical. All order seemed at an end; but at last a horseman appeared through the smoke, and the command "Forward! Double quick!" rang along the line, and with a shout like a wild wave of the sea they swept across the plain.

The bullets whistled among them, the shells tore large gaps in their ranks, but they poured on.

The fire became more deadly, whole ranks fell beneath the storm.

It was beyond mortals to stand it.

Their progress slackened, the shout died in their throats, and they look around them.

Colonel Hadley sees the peril, but the picture of one dearer than life comes up before him and he hesitates, but not long, for the prophetic drum sounds in his ears more fiercely than ever before, and he feels that the sublime moment has come.

He hesitates no longer, but throwing aside his sword, he snatches up a drum lying near, and, with a shout, he places himself at the head of the column, while the rallying taps of the drum ring out above the din of the battle.

The act gives new courage to the troops. Their fears are banished as if by magic and once more their shout rings over the field and they pour on the foe and wrest victory from defeat.

* * * * * * * *

It is May again. The sun shines from as blue a vault as he did thirteen years ago, and all Nature is dressing herself in her glorious summer raiment.

The breezes are again singing in the trees of Klare, and as they sing they waft the measured beat of the drum once more.

This is another great day, but it brings no joy to the citizens, for it calls upon them to perform a solemn duty.

And well are they reminded of it, for a dozen bells from their airy lofts proclaim it in measured tolls, while scarce a house but is decked in mournful guise.

The drum notes sound nearer, and down the street we see a procession moving slowly.

As it approaches, the sidewalks are crowded as on that other day, but the people do not shout as then, but stand silently and with uncovered heads, for this is no grand review, nor departing column, but a soldier's funeral.

It is the end of a life's battle, and we cannot help regarding it with interest and sorrowful emotions.

We carefully note the small number of sun-browned soldiers, as they silently march by, with guns reversed, and flag trailing, and nothing, remember their comrades, yet fighting for their country and sleeping beneath the violets in the sunny South.

We see the bier borne aloft, the casket wrapped in the flag and we read the floral words "Colonel William Hadley" resting upon it.

We see the long line of weeping relatives and friends and the numerous people who have taken this opportunity to do his memory honor, pass by.

We watch them till an angle of the street hides them from our sight, and, as the last drum-beats are borne to our ears from the distance, the field of battle seems to loom up before us, and we see again that fearful charge, see the halting column, hear his shout as he rushes to the front, see the blood trickling from his breast, hear the notes of his drum grow fainter and fainter, until his soul hears the music of another land and "falls in" on the march to the Golden City.

YOUR BOY.—You do not know what is in him. Bear with him; be patient; wait. Feed him; clothe him; love him. He is a boy, and most boys are bad. You think him light-hearted, and fear he is light-headed as well. But remember he calls you father. When he played in your lap, you fondly hoped he would some day be a great and useful man. Now that he has grown larger, and his young blood drives him into gleeful sport, and makes him impatient of serious things—rattling, playful, thoughtless—you almost despair. But don't be snappish and snarlish, and make him feel that you are disappointed in him.

It may be difficult to govern him, but be patient. He may seem averse to everything useful and good, but wait. No one can tell what is in a boy. He may surprise you some day. Hope. Let him grow. While his body grows large and stronger, his mental and moral nature may expand and improve.

Educate your boy. You may think money spent in that way is money spent in vain. There is nothing in him; he has no pride, no ambition, no aspiration. You don't know. No one can tell what is in a boy. Besides, there may be an unkindled spark, an unfanned flame, a smouldering fire, a latent energy, which the teacher's rod may stir, the association with books and men may arouse, develop, and direct, and thus start your boy agoing with such energy and determination that no power on earth could stop him short of the top-most round in the ladder of fame.

If you cannot educate him, let him educate himself. That is the best way. That will make him strong, a giant with whom no one dare interfere. Such are the best men in the world. The greatest benefactors of the race have stooped their shoulders to bear burdens, have carried hands hardened with rough labor, have endured the fatigue of toil. Many such are in our minds now. Labor conquers all things. We see it in a thousand instances. Labor makes the man. No boy ever came to be a man, the noblest work of God, without labor. This is God's great law; there is a divine philosophy in it. Let your boy work; if he will not work, make him work. There is no progress, no development, no outcome, no true manhood without it. We must work.

Father, be kind to your boy. We know what a mother will do. Thank, God! A mother's love, a mother's prayers follow us still; and the memory of her anxious tears shall never fade out during the succession of years. Finally, but not least, pray for your boy. God hears prayer. Do the best you can; commit all you cannot do to God, and hope. Never despair, for no one knows what is in a boy. B. R.

Lady Beautifiers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France or beautifiers of the world while in poor health, and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is a certain proof.

New Publications.

"Ideality in the Physical Sciences" is the title of a book containing six lectures, delivered in 1878, at the Lowell Institute, Boston, by Prof. Benjamin Pierce. They are on the following subjects: Ideality in Science, Cosmogony, From Nebula to Star, Planet, Comet and Meteor, The Cooling of the Earth and the Sun, Potentiality. These titles sufficiently indicate their general character. In manner of treatment they show the best fruits of a ripe mind. Copious in illustration, choice in language, and rich in original ideas, the matter is treated in a most interesting style. It is a book that, while valuable in arrangement and application of scientific facts ideally, has all the charm of an absorbing story. Beautifully printed in large type, and elegantly bound. Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston. For sale by Porter & Coates, this city.

"The Exiles" is a Russian love story of great power and originality. The scene is laid in Siberia, just now a point of unusual interest because of the hosts of Nihilists who will undoubtedly be sent into exile there by the new Czar. The description of the hurricane, the aurora borealis, the polar night, the mirage and the breaking up of the ice are marvelously vivid, realistic and beautiful, and the characters are so strongly drawn that they are photographed on the memory, while the immense amount of reliable information concerning Siberia given renders the book especially valuable. One volume, paper cover; price, 75 cents. T. B. Peterson & Co., this city, publishers.

"The Scholar in a Republic" is the centennial address, by Wendell Phillips, recently delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa, of Harvard. It is full of the peculiar thought of the great orator, and a magnificent summing-up of the subject. It is a characteristic of the speaker that all he says is worthy of thought, no matter on what subject, and this little pamphlet is no exception. From Lee & Shepard, Boston.

We have received the first five numbers of a splendid new translation of the works of the great German poet, Schiller. It is published in parts at twenty-five cents each, and offers an excellent opportunity for all to get a good edition of the writings of this famous author. It contains everything he has written excepting some translations from other languages which would be out of place in an English work. The editing has been done by Dr. Charles J. Sempel, who is particularly well qualified for the duty. He has has chosen the best English translators of Schiller—such as Bulwer-Lytton, Carlyle, Coleridge, Churchill, Theodore Martin, and others, in his compilation. Some of the parts have been freshly translated by the best writers of the day, and in order to make it entirely complete, the editor himself has adapted the epigrams and smaller articles. Besides comprising everything Schiller wrote, the edition contains numerous finely-executed engravings of scenes and matters generally illustrative of the contents. The edition is in two volumes, imperial octavo, finely printed on heavy, toned paper. Ignatius Kohler, publisher, 911 Arch St., this city.

"Hand Book of Punctuation and Other Typographical Matters," is the title of a small volume prepared by Marshall T. Bigelow, the corrector of the University Press, Cambridge, Mass. It will be found useful, especially by printers, editors, and proof-readers. The publishers are Lee & Shepard, of Boston.

"Lorimer and Wife," by Margaret Lee, is a novel of the kind that people read in very warm weather. It is not of a very high order of writing, and, in the absence of anything better, will serve to pass the time very well. George W. Harlan, publisher, New York.

Lee & Shepard have published a manual of instruction for the field naturalist, under the title of "Insects: How to Catch Them, and How to Prepare Them for the Cabinet." It is by Mr. Walter P. Manton, and is a handy little book to have in one's pocket when in the country looking for the butterflies and other such creatures.

Mr. William D. Howell's latest volume, "A Fearful Responsibility, and Other Stories," is published by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., in a very handsome volume, as regards print and paper. The first tale in it reaches the proportions of a novelette. It is one of the most realistic studies of character that its author has made. There is very little element of romance in it. The heroine is an American girl, sent abroad and placed in the care of the American Consul at Venice. He is a college professor, making studies of history in his foreign office. His perplexity under his female charge is the "fearful responsibility" which gives the story its title. The second story, "At the Sign of the Savage," is a clever humorous relation of the anxieties growing out of the separation of a husband and wife in a foreign city. "Tonelli's Marriage," the third piece, is a fine sketch of Italian people and peculiarities. For sale by Lippincott & Co., this city.

"Baby Rue," the latest of the No Name novels, is a story with plenty of exciting incidents, and presenting some very effective situations. It begins in Washington, and is at once transferred to the Western frontier, where the parties concerned in it are stationed in the Indian territory at the period preceding the opening of the Mexican war, when the Indians are just about to enter upon hostilities against the government. Baby Rue is a child of three years of age, captured by the Indians. Her captivity, and the pursuit and rescue that follow, occupy the most of the tale. Painting of army life is very graphic. Some of the army officers are easily recognized. The work is a contribution to history as well as to literature, and is to be commended as a fresh and original production. Published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. From Claxton & Co.

ART of fanning: "Oh, my! is it not excessive?" And she drew about forty long breaths and swung her fan with as much energy as if she was chopping hash on time. "Well, it's a pretty hot day," was the reply of an old gentleman, "but take matters cool, as I do, and you won't suffer;" and he swung his palm-leaf hat with both hands, as though he was scooping sand for a mortar-bed.

No place, no company, no age, no person, is temptation free. Let no man boast that he was never tempted; let him be high-minded, but fear, for he may be surprised in that very instant wherein he boasteth that he was never tempted at all.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from ancient diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Colds, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We expect that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Ureters."
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

A Few of the MANY THOUSANDS of testimonials that are received at the office of the Frank Siddalls Soap are printed in this issue of "The Saturday Evening Post."

These testimonials are all genuine, we having personally examined every one of the postals and letters from which the testimonials were copied.

Proving that The Frank Siddalls Soap will do everything claimed when the directions are followed, and will make the clothes clean, sweet and white without Boiling or Scalding.

And Any Statements to the Contrary are Ignorant Falsehoods or Malicious Falsehoods.

A Two-Weeks' Wash Done in Two Hours, and the Authority of a Postmistress for Saying So.

I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap and am very much pleased with it, and have done a two weeks' wash in two hours, which would have taken a day's hard labor to do by the old way. Any woman can do her own washing with it, as the Soap does all the hard work. Some of the clothes were very badly soiled, but came out clear and white. Please let me know by return mail what it will cost, as I don't see how I can do without it. Very respectfully,

C. WASHABAUGH, P. M.,
Broad Ford, Pa.

June 8, 1881.

Its remarkable Softening Effect on the Skin a reality.

Yazoo City, Mississippi,
June 14, 1881.

I have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial under my personal supervision, and am more than pleased and satisfied with the result. In addition to its other merits, it takes out sewing machine oil stains like magic. I am in love with it for the toilet and bath. When the lather is allowed to stay on the body the skin feels as soft and pliant as if it had been anointed with oil or cream. Please let me know the price by the box.

Mrs. M. A. HARRISON,
Yazoo City, Miss.

A Most Wonderful and Labor-saving Discovery.

Forest Home, Warren Co., Miss.,
June 14, 1881.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

Your Soap suits in every particular all you claim for it. It is so satisfactory that my wife wishes me to buy a box of it. It is a most wonderful and labor-saving discovery and I have recommended it in the strongest terms to my neighbors. Send me your terms for one box. Yours truly,

L. RAWSON

The Only Trouble is that the Rubbing is so Light that it Does Not Seem Like Work

Meridian, Miss.,
June 17, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall

Your Soap received and gives perfect satisfaction. The only trouble with it is that the rubbing is so light that it does not seem at all like work. How and at what price can I obtain the Soap by the box? Yours, etc.,

Mrs. A. KILMER,
Meridian, Miss.

Not only all but more than is claimed for it, and Frank Siddall will be regarded as a public benefactor.

409 Larimer St., P. O. Box 1343,
Denver, Col., July 2, 1881.

I have used the Frank Siddalls Soap as directed, and was gratified to find that it was not only all but MORE THAN YOU CLAIMED FOR IT. As soon as your Soap is introduced it will be regarded as a public benefactor. Please advise me what price I must have it for my trade, as I find it a good family purpose, and although when I sent for it I supposed it to be a humbug, I now realize its cheerfully bear testimony to its genuineness and worth. Yours very truly,

MRS. H. W. BRANDENBURG.

The Preacher's Wife Happy and everyone who visited the Parsonage had something to say about the Nice White Clothes on the Line.

[illegible] Co., Texas,
[illegible] 16, 1881.

My wife used your Soap on a large wash and is perfectly delighted with it. She says that it does all you claim for it. Everyone who visited the Parsonage [illegible] day had something to say about the nice white clothes on the line, and the preacher's wife is happy. Yours truly,

JOHN A. WALLACE.

A Prejudiced Jury Decides in Favor of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

Butler, Pendleton Co., Ky.,
June 16, 1881.

I have just put the Frank Siddalls Soap on trial, having submitted the case to a prejudiced jury (my wife). The verdict is in favor of the Soap. My wife says it will do all that is claimed for it in the way of washing clothes, and no mistake. Please give me information as to how it can be procured. Yours truly,

A. WANDELOHR.

Wash 45 Pieces in Two Hours and Never Saw Better Washing.

Bonham, Fannin Co., Texas,
June 14, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

We gave your Soap a trial on a large wash for six persons—about forty-five pieces, executed the whole job in two hours, and find the Soap everything it is recommended to be. I never saw better washing; the ladies are delighted, and now I want to know the price for two or three boxes. Your truly,

W. E. CARNEY.

Will wash Badly-stained Articles.

May 8, 1881.

I have washed with your Soap according to the directions, and find that it does all you claim for it. Some of the articles were badly stained, and it took the stains out with little trouble or labor. Please let me know the price by the box.

MAG. A. PITTUS,
Parsellis, Sevier County, Ark.

She writes that it is hard to go back to the old way.

[illegible]buck, Douglass Co., [illegible]
[illegible] 1881

Sir—I found your Soap to be all it is [illegible] for it saves more than half the labor. It is [illegible] how you sell it and I will send for some, for it is remarkable how it works.

KATE KRAGIT.

Charmed with its Wonderful Work.

St. Joseph, Louisiana,
June 23, 1881.

Have tried the Soap in strict accordance with the directions, and am charmed with it. Its work is wonderful. I would like to know where to get more and the price by the box.

MRS. B. NICHOLS.

The Dirt all Came Out with the Soap.

Hadley, Lapeer Co., Mich.

Dear Sir—We have followed your directions and are very much pleased with the result. While we were washing out the Soap from the clothes the dirt all came out. We have never used anything to wash with that began to compare with your Soap.

Please inform us what your terms are, and oblige

MRS. A. N. HART.

This lady says "A person don't know how easy a washing is until Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes is tried."

[illegible], Nueces Co., Texas,
June 9, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Tried your Soap yesterday on a big wash, and I can thankfully say that it does all that is claimed for it and the [illegible] A person [illegible] will they try Frank Siddalls way of washing; it does away with all the hard work.

Now I want to know the price of the Soap by the box, as I expect to use [illegible]

SALOME WILSON.

God Bless the Inventor of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

[illegible], Dodge Co., Georgia,
June 18, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap was received and used by the directions, and I was surprised at the results. Your Soap is all you can claim it to be. God bless the inventor of the Frank Siddalls Soap! Very respectfully,

J. P. MORRELL.

It Surpasses all Other Soaps, and the Labor in Washing is not Half What it is the Old Way.

Bennet, Nebraska,
June 15, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Dear Sir—After a trial of your way of washing with your Soap I take great pleasure to state that it surpasses all other soaps and preparations that I have ever used, and the labor is hardly half what it is the old way. Please send me prices. Yours respectfully,

SALOME WILSON.

A Voice from the Far West from a Large Co-Operative Concern.

We have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and the success is so great that we must have it. It is certainly all you say it is. I am President of a Co-Operative Concern. We have eight clerks, and desire your list of prices, as we must have it.

JAMES W. TAYLOR,
Lehi City, Utah County, Utah
June 23, 1881.

Can be Termed the Housekeepers' Relief.

Have used your Soap, according to the directions and find it a complete cleanser and sweetener of all clothing, and will use no other if I can procure it, and will do all I can to introduce it among my friends. I think it can be termed "the Housekeepers' Relief," for the old washday is one of the most trying that falls to the lot of housekeepers.

[illegible]
[illegible],
Buckingham County, Va.
June 20, 1881.

Must Prove a Great Boon to the Human Family.

North Haverhill, New Hampshire,
June 14, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Dear Sir—The Soap you sent me [illegible] and the result for clothes, shaving and [illegible] proved satisfactory. I [illegible] it must prove a great boon to the human family.

Respectfully yours,
E. EASTMAN.

Makes Flannels as Soft as New.

Horseheads,
Steuben County, N. Y.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

We found your Soap to be more than you claim for it, for my wife says that for washing white flannels she never saw anything that came anywhere near equaling it, for they were very stiff and had a stained look, but after one washing with the Frank Siddalls Soap they came out clean and white as soft as new.

JAMES E. REACH.

From Ottumwa, Kansas.

Sir—I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap both with hard and soft water, and with satisfactory results, the labor not being more than one-half what it would have been with other soap, while the articles washed were cleaner and whiter than by the old plan. I used the Soap exactly by the directions.

MARY TIFFEE,
Ottumwa, Coffey County, Kansas.
June 11, 1881.

[illegible], Minnesota,
June 13, 1881.

Dear Sir—The cake of Frank Siddalls Soap came to hand, and I have tried it both in soft and hard water, and I pronounce it the best Soap I have ever used. Please give me the prices by the box.

MRS. J. W. HANAFORD

A Reverend Gentleman and his Family Perfectly Astonished.

Sullivan, Illinois,
June 13, 1881.

Dear Sir—The cake of Soap came to hand last Saturday, and to-day we tried it on a family wash. When the clothes came from the wash we were astonished. They were—well, see Mark ix, 3 for a full description.

We are delighted, and now I want to know the prices, for my wife says she never wants to go back to the old way of washing. Yours truly,

REV. C. GALLENER.

A Heartfelt Tribute to the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Dear Sir—There are not words in the English language to express my gratitude at the discovery of the Frank Siddalls Soap. I find it just as recommended, and believe in time it will be as universally used as the sewing machine. If I cannot persuade any of our groceymen to order it, I shall send for some for myself, and to supply my friends; please let me know the price.

MRS. JOSHUA SMITH.
De Posit, Broome County, N. Y.

From a Philadelphia Grocer, and showing that a Sensible Washerwoman Recommends it.

31st St. and Hazel Ave., West Phila.,
June 7, 1881.

Dear Sir—We have been using your Soap for some time, and find it all that you promise. Our washwoman uses it just as directed and has no trouble in washing; and we sell a great deal through her recommendation.

J. C. HAEFLICH, Grocer.

The Happiest Wash-day in 37 Years.

Dear Sir—My wife and servant have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial according to directions. And now let me say—Thirty and seven years have I lived in this evil world and never before have I seen such a happy wash-day: no steam, no heat, no unpleasant odor, no work. Please send price per box at once, as we want it in time for the wash next week. Very truly,

J. C. [illegible]
Lafayette, Indiana,
June 22, 1881.

Trinity M. E. Church.

READ THE FOLLOWING CAREFULLY BEFORE SENDING FOR A CAKE FOR TRIAL,

the Soap will not be sent unless a Promise comes to Use it on a Regular Family Wash, and by THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY of Washing Clothes.

If you reside at a place where The Frank Siddalls Soap is not sold, send 10 cents in money or stamps to the Office, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia. Say in your Letter that it shall be used on a Regular Family Wash, and by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes. In return you will get a cake of the grandest Toilet, Bath, Shaving, and General Household Soap in the world, sufficient to do a good size wash. It will be put in a neat metal box that will cost 6 cents, 15 cents in postage-stamps will be put on, and all sent you for 10 cents. Only one piece will be sent to each person writing, and only when wanted to use on a family wash. *The same Soap is used for all purposes; but if not to be used on the family wash, 80 cents must be sent to cover the actual cost of Soap, postage and box.*

Only one kind of Soap, but used for all purposes.

Only use lukewarm water, no matter how soiled the wash is, for The Frank Siddalls Soap does NOT depend on Hot Water nor on hard rubbing. Even when washing for Farmers, Machinists, or Laborers, never use very warm water. *This is contrary to the usual rule, but is the way to use The Frank Siddalls Soap.*

Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know that Soap that is *beneficial* to the skin cannot possibly injure Clothing, no matter if used for a long time.

If too set in old ways to promise to try the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls way of using it, DON'T SEND FOR IT. The Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels are to be washed the same way as the White Pieces.

The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes; Easy, Genteel, Neat, Clean, and Lady-like.

First: Dip one of the pieces in the tub of water; draw it out on the washboard, and soap it lightly, especially where you see any dirt or soiled places. Then roll up the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when sprinkled for ironing, *and lay it back in the tub in the water out of the way*—and so on with each piece until all are soaped and rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes or longer—*one hour is just the thing!*—and let the Soap do its work.

Next: After standing the full time, commence *by rubbing a piece lightly on the washboard, when all the dirt will drop out.* Turn each piece inside out while washing it so as to get at the seams; but dont use any more Soap and *dont wash through two suds*, but get all the dirt out in the first suds.

☞ *Next comes the rinsing.* Each piece must be *lightly* washed through a lukewarm rinse water on the washboard without using any Soap *until all the dirty suds are out.* [Every smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.]

☞ *Next comes the blue water.* [Use scarcely any bluing.] *Stir a piece of Soap in the blue water until the water is decidedly soapy;* put the clothes through this soapy blue-water and *out on the line without any more rinsing, and without scalding or heating a single piece.* The clothes will not smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn. *Dont put clothes to soak over night:* it makes them harder to wash, and is not a clean way. *Dont try on part of the wash;* try it on the entire wash. The Soap washes freely in hard water. *Dont use Soda or Borax.* The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING.

Read the Offer Carefully, for the Soap will not be sent unless a Promise comes to follow the directions, and gentlemen are earnestly requested not to send for any until their families have agreed to honorably comply with every little direction.

Address all letters, Office FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 Callowhill Street, Philada.

Our Young Folks.

NESSY'S JOURNEY.

BY PIPKIN.

It was March; the cold wind was blowing and the snow was coming down pitilessly in white feathery flakes.

"Are you glad or sorry?" said Nessy, as she stood by the window.

Alice waited a moment before she answered the question.

"Glad; I like snow."

"So do I," said Nessy, "and yet I wish it did not snow so heavily. Father and mother are coming home to-night, and they have a long drive from the station."

"Mine pussy coming to-night," lisped little Lucy, who was playing with her dolls on the hearth-rug.

The two elder sisters were too much occupied with their own thoughts to think of Lucy's expected kitten, so she began to tell her dolls of the wonderful pussy that was coming in a hamper, and that was to be her own little cat and live in the nursery.

"Do you think we shall like them, Alice?" asked Nessy, after a pause. "Will it not be strange to have a father and mother when we have not seen them for so long?"

"Like them; why, of course we shall," answered Alice. "All people like their fathers and mothers."

"Don't you feel afraid, Alice?" inquired Nessy.

"Of what?"

"Of speaking to them at first when they come."

"Oh, there won't be much speaking to do," returned Alice. "They will say, 'Here are our dear children,' and we shall say 'Father' and 'Mother.'"

Nessy was silent.

"I do wish it was to-morrow morning," she said at last.

Alice looked at her wonderingly.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because then we should have seen them and it would be all over. I almost feel as if I could cry, Alice."

"How foolish you are, Nessy! It will be as easy as possible; I shall not mind it a bit. We shall be kissing them and saying how glad we are in a minute."

Nessy gave a little sigh.

"Yes, I suppose it will all come right; but I do wish that it was to-morrow morning."

* * * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt had been in India for many years, and had sent their children [illegible] the Indian climate was not good for them.

Their Aunt Sophy had taken care of them for so long that they had come to look upon her as a mother, and half forgot their parents, of whom, and of India, they had a very confused remembrance.

As evening came on, Nessy became more restless and nervous, and Aunt Sophy began to wonder that the carriage, which had [illegible] gone for more than two hours had not returned.

The train had been due at Woodbury long enough for the travelers to have made their appearance, and as the snow was tolerably deep by this time, she feared that something [illegible] happened to cause the delay.

There was a ring at the hall door.

[illegible]

Nessy started up.

"It [illegible]

[illegible] Miss Lucy was in bed."

Lucy looked up as if about to rebel.

But nurse whispered:

"The mamma will be waiting for you."

And Lucy was persuaded again to nurse.

Nessy jumped up.

"It is the kitten," said she. "I think I'll go to bed too, for I am very sleepy, and nurse will [illegible] when father and mother come."

Nessy, however, had decided to sit up, and Aunt Sophy, seeing that she was not inclined to sleep, had allowed her to do so.

Nessy was sitting on a stool beside her aunt, trying to be still, and every now and then starting as the wind shook the window-doors or the doors, making her fancy that the carriage was coming.

"I wonder if it is snowing now?" she said.

Aunt Sophy drew back the shutter and looked out.

No it had left off snowing, but it was a dark night.

She raised the [illegible].

"Is James to be found?" she asked of the servant who answered it.

"Yes, ma'am, he is in the kitchen. Every one is up, and we are all wondering what has happened."

Perhaps it would be well for James to go out with the [illegible] and see if [illegible] in case the carriage is coming.

"Yes, ma'am."

Aunt Sophy grew more and more restless, and finally she slipped on her overshoes, and wrapping herself in a fur cloak, held herself in readiness to accompany James.

"I wish I could go with Aunt Sophy," thought Nessy; "but she would not take me if I asked her."

Then she sat still for a little while longer, and in that time remembered that her arctics and thick garden coat had been left in the back hall.

"I might go after her. She would not hear me in the snow," thought Nessy.

She scarcely knew how she slipped out of the library into the back hall, but there she drew on her overshoes and her warm coat, and this being done, she opened the garden doors softly, and crept round to the back-door.

Aunt Sophy was there, and one of the men-servants, also James with the lantern; and they started down the drive—little thinking a small figure, with a heart beating very fast, was making her way through the snow after them.

On and on they went, the lantern sending its rays forward and leaving Nessy in the darkness.

They had plunged through half a mile of snow, and there was no sign of any one on the road.

Aunt Sophy and her companions paused to listen, but all was still around.

"We may as well go on to the station now we are on the way," she said.

"I don't know, ma'am," said James. "It's not fit for you to walk. Widow Jones's cottage is close by, and you and Ann had better stop there whilst I go on and see what is the matter. I can soon bring you word if there's any trouble."

Aunt Sophy looked at the snow, and thought that James's idea was not a bad one; so she and Ann knocked at the door, and finding that Widow Jones had not gone to bed, in spite of the lateness of the hour, they went in to rest.

James trudged along faster now, and Nessy had hard work to keep up with him.

Presently he stopped, and holding the lantern high, sent its rays all around, for through the stillness he fancied he heard a faint cry.

"James, James!"

Yes, he heard it again.

"James, James!"

And he saw a small black figure in the distance.

"It's a child," he said, turning back to meet the advancing figure. "Why, it's Miss Nessy! Whatever has brought you here, miss?"

"Oh, James, I want to meet them," said Nessy breathlessly. "Do let me go with you; I can hold on by your coat; I'm afraid to keep by myself any longer."

"Well, I don't know," said James, pushing his hat on one side; "it isn't fit, and yet I don't see what is to be done with you."

"I can go quite fast," said Nessy, recovering her courage, which had been ebbing away.

And holding James's coat, the two set off again.

There were not many people at the railway station when James and Nessy arrived there.

The station-master told James that it would certainly be an hour before the next train came in.

James took Nessy to the waiting-room, and bade her sit down and warm herself.

This she was glad to do, for her fingers ached with the cold, and her overshoes were wet; so she took them off to dry.

The fire was very pleasant, but it made Nessy feel very sleepy, and seeing a sofa on one side of the room, she lay down to rest.

* * * * * * * *

At last the train came in.

James was on the platform.

He had looked into the waiting-room and had seen Nessy fast asleep.

There was no use in waking her until he knew if his master and mistress had come.

He had found Thomas, who had put up his horses, but was now in readiness at the station entrance.

The conductor was shouting the name of the station, and flashing his light into the cars.

"Open this door," called a gentleman to him.

"It's master," said James, springing forward.

The door was opened, and Mr. Hewitt, followed by his wife, got out of the carriage.

They recognized James at once.

"Any baggage, sir?" said a conductor.

"Quite a pile," responded Mr. Hewitt.

"It must be left at the station to-night," said James, "and sent on [illegible]. It's as much as the horses will do to take home the carriage."

"Very well," replied Mr. Hewitt. "And how is the child, James?"

"All right, sir. There's one of them here."

"Here? Where?" quickly exclaimed Mrs. Hewitt.

"In the waiting-room there, fast asleep, ma'am," said James.

Mrs. Hewitt hastened to the waiting-room where Nessy still lay wrapped in peaceful dreams.

"My child, my child!" cried Mrs. Hewitt, bending down and kissing the sleeping child.

Nessy started up.

"Mother!"

She seemed to know her all at once; the meeting she had so much longed for, yet dreaded, had come, and it was quite as easy as she had said it would be.

"Mother, mother!" said Nessy, clasping her arms tightly round her mother's neck and returning the kisses that were showered upon her.

"And father," said mother, as Mr. Hewitt also kissed his little daughter. "But which is it?" he asked.

"I am Nessy, father," said she, half-laughing.

"And Alice and Lucy?"

"In bed," said Nessy.

"And why are you not in bed also?" asked Mr. Hewitt.

"Oh, we all got frightened, and James and Aunt Sophy and Ann went to find you, and I ran after them."

Mr. Hewitt looked a little bewildered, and James had to give his explanation of how Nessy had trudged through the snow.

"Tramp, tramp," said Nessy; "it was like a soldier's march."

Mrs. Hewitt said nothing, but the tears were in her eyes as she put on Nessy's overshoes and held her hand fast as they went to the carriage.

Very slowly they made their way through the snow.

But Nessy did not find it long; she was so happy that she could have journeyed all night long, clasped in her mother's arms.

At Widow Jones's they stopped for Aunt Sophy, who was even more astonished to see Nessy that Nessy's mother had been.

"Nessy," said Aunt Sophy, "how could you do such a thing? If it were not to-night I should scold you."

And Nessy said, as she held still more tightly her mother's hand:

"I wanted to know if father and mother were safe."

* * *

THE FOX AND DUCKS.—A fox had made his den in a forest near a river. It was out of the way of the hounds, and close by the haunts of some wild ducks, upon whom he thought he should make many an excellent meal.

At first he was in the habit of bursting upon them and pursuing them whenever he saw them out of the water; but he soon found that this mode of warfare wouldn't do any good, for though the ducks were awkward runners, yet when they made use of their wings they soon got out of reach of the fox, and plunging into the river, soon placed themselves at safe distance from the enemy.

"This won't do," said the fox; "I must try some other means if I am ever to capture any of my feathered neighbors."

So one morning he addressed himself to an old duck who was swimming at a little distance from the shore.

"Good morning, Mrs. Duck," said he; "how charmingly you swim! It is quite a pleasure to see you on the water. You glide and turn, and float with much more elegance than the swans, with their long awkward throats, that twist and twine like serpents. I give you my hearty thanks for the treat you are giving me. You swim to perfection."

The old duck arched her neck, she dived, and rose again, she fluttered, she puffed out her feathers, and performed all her swimming feats.

"Ah!" said the fox; "how do you manage that?—to disappear and come up again! It is truly wonderful. I never saw even the swans do that. Pray, madam, how do you perform that extraordinary act of diving. If I were only as clever as you I could by it save my life if the hounds should come upon me near a river. To dive in that manner would be worth something."

Again and again the old duck dived, and each time the fox called out:

"Charming! beautiful! delightful! most graceful!"

Then he drew nearer to the edge of the water.

"Do come closer," he said, "that I may take note of each movement accurately. If you would dive from the bank for instance, I could then copy your evolutions, and after a few attempts I might be able to do it myself, though of course very awkwardly."

So the foolish duck placed herself on the bank.

"Now," said she, preparing to make a plunge, and expecting the fox to do the same.

But Reynard was too cunning for her.

Instead of making a plunge into the river, he made a spring at the foolish duck, and caught her before she reached the water.

Poor duck! she had not even time to repent her folly in listening to the flattery of the fox.

"Ah!" said the fox meditatively, as he was dining upon the ill-fated bird, "it is a pity when people believe all the fine things that are said to them!"

L. F.

* * *

THE DEATH STRUGGLE.—It was once considered an act of humanity to anticipate the "death-struggle" by violence; for ages it was customary among the lower classes of Europe to hasten death by suddenly twisting the pillow [illegible] beneath the head of the dying, thus throwing the head backward, straining the throat and rendering the respiration, already difficult, shortly impossible. A Venetian ambassador, in the time of Queen Mary, asserted that it was a common custom among the country people to smother the dying by means of a feather pillow placed [illegible] the face, upon which [illegible] or sat the nearest relative. This custom [illegible] down from generation to [illegible], or was performing it for their [illegible], [illegible]. But perhaps the most prominent [illegible] was that of a young man, occasionally occurred during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when, through executioners [illegible] executions by hanging—they were permitted to grasp the feet of the struggling criminal, and, by clinging to the extremities, precipitate their additional weight on the body, thereby hastening strangulation.

* *

MANY persons who are ashamed to be [illegible] themselves, are not ashamed to [illegible] who do it for them out of their wages.

ODD OFFENCES.

LOVERS OF LIBERTY as they were, our forefathers had little patience with propounders of novel notions. When a certain Londoner, suddenly awaking to the fact that success in business was not to be attained without much lying and deceit, forswore his calling of seller of hats, and betook himself to playing the hermit, and practicing vegetarianism—he was put in the stocks, ousted from one refuge to another, and finally lodged in prison, to prevent others from following his evil example. He however, received gentler treatment than was accorded twenty years earlier to a woman of Henley-on-Thames; who, venturing to speak her mind respecting the taxation imposed by parliament, was bound fast, and cruelly, to a tree one market-day, and a placard tied on her back, setting forth the enormity of which she had been guilty.

In 1877, the magistrates of an English city gave a citizen two months' imprisonment for anathematizing the Queen and the Royal Family at a school-board service; despite his plea of extenuation that he uttered the obnoxious exclamations unconsciously, having been talking about the Queen's taxes a little while before. A like sentence was passed upon a soldier for publicly consigning the Pope and Gladstone to the place paved with good intentions.

Soon after the Germans took possession of the provinces ceded by France, they sent an Alsatian girl to prison for critticising the photograph of the Grand Duke of Baden in disrespectful terms; and fined a Lorraine woman for marking her disapproval of a soldier's primitive habits by the exclamation: "What! with all our five milliards, they have not got pocket-handkerchiefs yet!"

It does not do to be in advance of one's day. In 1618, certain good citizens of Worcester presented a formal complaint against some tavern-keepers for not selling their ale according to the law, charging only a penny a pint for beverage of such extraordinary strength as to lead to assaults, affrays, bloodsheddings, and other misdemeanors; in other words, for giving their customers too good an article—an offence not likely to occur in our modern world.

Brutality to women rarely entails adequate punishment; but we cannot but wonder at a cruel husband receiving a twelve-month's imprisonment for what the reporter termed an inhuman assault upon his wife; since, so far as appeared, his inhumanity was limited to [illegible] Soul over [illegible] some music in his soul; like the workhouse official who lost his situation for setting three blind fiddlers to play as many tunes, while he sang a song having no connection with one or the other. A humorous rogue, too, was the needy tailor who sheared the tails off the coats of the playgoers waiting at the doors of a Liverpool theatre, and was captured with the spoils upon him. Another original offender solaced his disappointed love by going to witness the consummation of his rival's triumph, and strewing the church floor with fulminating powder which exploded at every movement of the bridal party.

An Illinois citizen brought his daughter's young man before a justice for violently ejecting him from his parlor one Sunday evening. After hearing the other side, the justice said: "It appears that this young fellow was courting the plaintiff's gal, in plaintiff's parlor; that plaintiff intruded and was put out by defendant. Courting is a public necessity, and must not be interrupted. Therefore the law of Illinois will hold that a parent has no legal right in a room where courting is afoot. Defendant is discharged, and plaintiff must pay the costs."

Different notions as to the necessity of courting prevail in Texas, or a susceptible individual would hardly have been fined for telling a pretty girl he should very much like to kiss her; leaving him very much puzzled as to where the justice came in, as the man in Indiana, who, returning home from a journey, found the house empty, his wife having rifled all the furniture, and absconded with the proceeds; and before he thoroughly comprehended the situation, found himself arrested by the sheriff for permitting gambling on the premises!

It is unsafe to prophesy unless you know, it is something worse than unwise to advance assertions impossible to sustain. Yet if newspaper reports are to believed, a bill-sticker was prosecuted for [illegible] reprehensible offence of [illegible] someone's "photograph in every," and a drunken man [illegible] and for assaulting a policeman by "springing up and striking him in the chest with the soles of both her feet at the same time [illegible] pleading in her defence that she was [illegible] pregnant, and consequently demanding where her body was at the time "as she won't answer for me."

A Western man spending a day in Boston, bought a cigar and started for a stroll. He had not gone many yards before he was tapped on the shoulder by a police officer, who politely informed him that he had incurred a penalty of two dollars by smoking in the street. The innocent offender handed [illegible] bill, and was [illegible] when he was [illegible] proffered [illegible] of gingerbread, and immediately a [illegible] man was at his elbow intimating [illegible] thereby violated a city ordinance. Tendering [illegible] dollar bill, he said he should [illegible] for [illegible] but as [illegible] for [illegible] for [illegible] for

THE BEST CREED.

BY HORATIUS BONAR.

Thou must be true to thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

IRISH MATCHMAKING.

NEARLY every one has heard of Shrove or Matchmaking time, though few really know to what extent it is carried on in the south of Ireland.

"Shrove-time" begins after Christmas, and ends on Shrove-Tuesday, or the day before Ash Wednesday; as, during the ensuing seven weeks of Lent, no marriages are celebrated in the Catholic Church. About three weeks before Lent is the busy time for the "matchmakers". These are men who make it their business to find out the fortunes of, and get suitable partners for, all the eligible young people of both sexes for many miles around. Sometimes they are remunerated for the transaction, but far oftener they carry it out for mere pastime. Thus, when the well-to-do parents of a marriageable son find themselves getting on in years, and unable to look after their farm and all connected with it, they tell their boy that he must take a wife, and straightway send for their friend the matchmaker." The old people, in such cases, are quite content to give up the farm to the son, seldom asking anything beyond their support, and a seat in "the chimney corner" in the "old home" for the rest of their days.

The son who thus obtains possession of a house and farm is considered well off; therefore the girl he marries must have money equal, or nearly so, to his, or cattle wherewith to stock the land. When everything has been arranged between the parents on both sides, the day for the marriage is fixed, and the marriage money made up for the priest. The young people may meet once, or oftener, before they are married, but sometimes they see each other for the first time only at the altar.

Near one village lives a man who is one of the principal match-makers in the neighborhood. I know him personally, and have often heard him speak of some of the "matches" he had made, or was about making. The last few years not having been so good as usual for farmers, the weddings were not so many, and the fortunes in most cases were small. One of the best for this season—and over which Mike was very busy—was the marriage of a farmer's daughter whose fortune was one thousand pounds. The young man spoken of for her had a fine house, thirty milking-cows, twenty yearlings, and as fine a pair of horses as ever were put to a plough. "But that's not all," said Mike; "he has besides a brand-new thrashing-machine!"

Mike was very indignant over another match he had made, and was obliged, through "the maneness of the ould people," to break it off again. "They actually," he said, "wanted to make the young people feed some hens for them; and sure, when I saw them so stingy, I says to the girl: 'Hold yourself higher than to enter that family!'" And she took his advice.

On another occasion when the aspiring bride and bridegroom met for the first time at the altar, the latter, surveying his intended, was shocked to see that she possessed only one eye. "Faix," said he, "I will marry no girl unless *all* her eyes are there."

When in the shop of the principal milliner in our village this Shrove, I asked if she had many bridal bonnets to make. "No, indeed," she answered. "There's a girl of the Scanlans getting married to-day; but I made her bonnet two years ago." "How was that?" I asked. "Well," she replied, they were on their way to the chapel, when they had a difference, and the match was broken off; but, like a sensible girl, she kept the bonnet, and now it comes in handy enough."

Perhaps one of the most curious of these extraordinary matches is the following. There was a marriage arranged, and the friends were invited to the wedding. The party, amounting to the occupants of some half-dozen cars and a few horsemen, started for the chapel. Just as they stopped outside of it, the father of another girl came to the bridegroom and offered him his daughter with ten pounds more fortune than he was getting with the one he was "promised to." "Done!" said the ungallant bridegroom; and straightway broke off the former marriage, and married the girl with the most money.

Few weddings in the neighborhood are complete without Mike. He is a very extraordinary fellow, and gets into so many quarrels, that, as his wife expressed it to me, he would have been hanged over and over again but for the master. He lives on a wild moor surrounded by bogs.

A near neighbor of his having got married through his influence, Mike, in duty bound, went to the feast. As night came on, the excitement of dancing combined with a plentiful supply of liquor, began to have a bad effect on our friend, until at last he could contain himself no longer; and snatching a kettle of boiling hot water from off the fire, he turned bride and bridegroom and all the guests out of the house, and hunted them over the bog.

The eatables provided on such occasions are plentiful and wholesome. Cold meat of any kind, however, is considered an insult to offer. Every thing must be hot. The fowls are generally captured, killed, and made ready, and cooked, during the absence of the wedding-party at the chapel. Bacon is a favorite dish; and a leg of mutton is held in greater repute than roast-beef. Sometimes a "barm brack," or large currant-loaf remarkable for its size and abundance of fruit, is ordered from the baker, and forms, as "wedding-cake," a conspicuous addition to the table. This "Shrove-tide," I saw a wedding-feast spread. At each end of the tabe was a huge piece of bacon. Down the centre of the table, beef, mutton, and the produce of the poultry yard were largely represented. Several decanters full of wine and bottles of whisky were placed at intervals on the table. On a smaller table tea, eggs, &c. and the "cake" were laid out. This was a small and quiet wedding, the ceremony taking place as early as nine o'clock in the morning.

I must not omit to note, however, that punctuality on the part of the bridegroom—and sometimes even on that of the bride—is by no means invariably observed. I will give one instance, which happened this "Shrove-tide." The wedding was fixed for ten o'clock, A. M. The bride came, but no bridegroom greeted her. She waited till late in the evening, and still he came not. Late that night, a message arrived from him to say that he would be at the chapel after first mass next morning. Next morning, came the expectant bride again, but again she had to wait all day for the bridegroom. At length, about seven o'clock in the evening the tardy lover appeared; and though many brides would have lost patience for ever, not so with the faithful Irish lass. The priest did his duty; and the two went away as happy as their own loves and the plaudits of their cheery neighbors could make them.

J. C.

Grains of Gold.

No need of running if we start in time.

Seek not to please the world, but your own conscience.

The defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces.

If there is anything better than to be loved, it is loving.

He is wise who never acts without reason, and never against it.

To win, work and wait—but work a good deal more than you wait.

It is not sufficient for desires to be good; it is necessary that they be regulated.

The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.

We should keep our scorn for our own weakness, and our blame for our own sins.

Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed. Nature never pretends.

Let our lives be as pure as snow fields, where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain.

Being convinced that any certain habit is injurious, apply will power, and it can be overcome.

Chimneys are not swept until the fire is out. When the passions are extinguished man purifies his heart.

Do not use evasions when called upon to do a good thing, nor excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

Men are guided less by conscience than by glory; and yet the shortest way to glory is to be guided by conscience.

It is a point of excellent wisdom to keep the golden bridle of moderation upon all the affections we exercise on earthly things.

The greatest and most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor, is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.

Had Slept Little for Forty-Eight Hours.

A gentleman writes: "I had an acute attack of Bronchitis and Asthma when the Compound Oxygen Treatment arrived, and had slept but little for forty-eight hours. Took treatment for two days. My Bronchitis and Asthma about gone." Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

Crinoline is making slow headway.

A Paris physician was given $5,000 to remove a wart from a woman's nose.

True love always makes a man better, no matter who the woman is who inspires it.

English girls, up to fourteen years of age, have their dresses reaching no lower than the knees.

Just stroll around to the back kitchen door on Monday, if you want to see how pretty she is.

The Kansas City *Journal* publishes the size of the gloves worn by the leading belles of that city.

In order to be fashionable in all things the "society" girl is just now knitting her own dainty silk "hosen."

Later in life many young girls will regret that instruction in household work was not included in their education.

A new pair of "real fashionable" stockings includes one black one and one deep cardinal. Lisle thread is the material.

No woman ever looks at a fine large newspaper without thinking what a beautiful pocket-handkerchief pattern it would make.

Some patriotic English ladies are forming an association whose members are pledged to wear nothing of foreign make. This is another blow at free trade.

A bride is reported to have lately said: "I told all my friends to have my name put on my presents, so that if divorced, George should not be able to claim them."

"As for her social standing," remarks a Colorado paper of a singer, "it will be sufficient to say that her father owns 128 mules, and is a candidate for the Legislature."

Sapphires surrounded by diamonds replace emeralds for engagement rings. "Green's forsaken, And yellow's forsworn, And blue's the prettiest color that's worn."

Thirty New York ladies start soon for a four months' trip in Europe. They have no male escorts, and one lady acts as treasurer, and another is appointed to look after the baggage.

A young Iowa farmer writes to his friends in the East, who have been urging him to marry, that he cannot keep a wife on "thin wind and pond water, and sleeping on a rail fence."

A medical journal has found that there are from 120,000 to 220,000 hairs in a woman's head. The number of hairs in a man's head depends considerably on the number of years he has been married.

From the album of a famous Countess: "Men always say: 'If you do not love me, I will kill myself.' Later we say to them: 'If you love me no longer, I shall die.' And, in the end, nobody is buried."

In ancient times young ladies before their marriage used to wear their hair uncovered and untied, flowing loose over their shoulders, but when they entered the wedding state they cut it off and assumed some sort of head gear.

Simply to take a little of the pride and superiority out of the fair ones, will they permit us to call their attention to the fact that all the angels that are mentioned in the Bible are male angels? There are no female angels on record.

The wife of a New York man became enraged the other day, and, in order to get even with her husband, broke dishes, carved up the furniture with a butcher-knife, and finally did him the great kindness to leave for parts unknown.

The Princess Louise was thirty-three years old last week. This is one of the penalties of being a royal personage, and having your pedigree recorded. Other English women born within three months of Louise are now only twenty-six.

One of the absurdities of the age is the alleged fashionable walk affected by the young ladies at the watering-places. It is vulgar, and how women who have any respect for themselves, or who value public opinion, can adopt it is one of the wonders of the age.

The Duchess d'Alencon, the ex-Queen of Naples, and the present Empress of Austria, have often ridden horses standing, and have attired those strident cries which come from the throats of the nymphs of the ring. They have dashed through the classic hoops with paper and without paper.

A little boy of four years, who had been left at home while his mother made some calls, said to her on her return, "Mamma, I prayed while you was gone." "That was right, my dear. What did you say?" I said, "God, please make mamma a lady that loves to stay at home."

Love under Sirius: "George, do you love me?" "I did—you know fondly—but—" "Oh, George, how can you say 'but?' What has changed you?" "Well, Clara, I have a prejudice, a—a—what under the sun were you caressing that dog for?" "O George, how unjust to poor Fido. He is nothing but a friend."

In a divorce petition of a Kentucky lady it was stated "that clouds of discord hover over the skies of her wedded felicity, obscuring every star of happiness." Her liege lord forsook her "for another," without any cause whatever, save an insatiable thirst for novelty, which is the predominant feature of the defendant's character.

It was circus day, and he told his wife he was going to the city just to "purchase a reaper." The wife followed him, unbeknown, and at the proper time, when she met him going to the show with a girl hanging on his arm, she smashed an umbrella over his head, lectured the girl, shipped her liege lord, and took in the circus and the lemonade all by herself.

Fichus are lovelier and more varied than ever; we see them in white and colored striped gauzes in all the most delicate shades ornamented with Spanish, Mechlin, and Breton lace, fastened here and there daintily with tiny pearl pins, and creamy muslin fichus crossed on the chest, the ends caught together with a spray of wild roses, or with a bunch of forget-me-nots. The flowers chosen are almost invariably those in season.

News Notes.

Butterflies are fully feathered.

"Dawn" is a new shade of pale gold.

The king-bird is a great bee destroyer.

Gold is found in thirty-six counties in Georgia.

Sunday dances are coming into vogue in England.

This country has 381,144 professional teachers.

There were 108 men lynched in Arkansas last year.

In Paris there are 78 methods of adulterating beer.

Yellow, red, and olive-green guipure lace has appeared.

Wood weaving is a curious industry now in progress in Austria.

This country consumes 14,880 barrels of kerosene-oil every night.

Frequent bathing of the face and head is a great preventive of thirst.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

Florida boasts of trees that bear from 10,000 to 20,000 limes every year.

A Muscovy duck will hatch out more than twenty ducklings at one sitting.

White tulle is again in vogue in France, with bouquets of velvet flowers.

By reason of their climate the Esquimaux are the greatest feeders in the world.

Some enthusiastic physicians say a daily bath will cure almost every curable disease.

California's preserved peaches, apricots, and prunes find a steady market in London.

In Chicago the colored citizen is the principal buyer of watermelons—even at high prices.

The amount of common salt in the sea is estimated to be about five times the bulk of the Alps.

Over fourteen hundred new postoffices have been established in this country during the year.

Two dollars is the fine in Chicago for throwing either bananas or orange-peel on the sidewalk.

In some parts of Georgia watermelons are sold by the pound, a half-cent being the average price.

The whole United States army is not so large as the force England is now maintaining in Ireland.

About ten thousand dollars worth of writing-paper is manufactured in the United States annually.

Stockings are made more decorative with embroidery, lace instep, and gold, silver, steel, and bead work.

According to Secretary Blaine there are more than 1,000,000 applications for office on file at Washington.

A West Virginia man has patented a postal-card with a pocket attachment for the receiver to write a reply.

No wonder Patrick Henry could get up a verbal thunder-storm in two minutes. He had fifteen children.

Inventors should bring out and patent a seat suitable for the narrow spaces that are behind shop-counters.

Excellent medical authority states that each generation of native Americans is more nervous than the former.

Blind Tom is said to sit constantly at the piano, day and night, always playing. He can play about 7,000 pieces.

The American Bible Society, since its formation sixty-one years ago, has issued 38,882,411 copies of the Bible.

The very best of all summer drinks is new milk with ice sufficient to cool it. It is not only cooling but nourishing.

All the chief French light-houses will soon be lit by electricity, and provided with steam-trumpets for fog-signals.

There are 89,229 generals in Venezuela, and the present President has been very economical in his commissions, too, for he has issued only 8,000.

A block of ice which melted in an Indiana town the other day, was found to contain a frog weighing a quarter of a pound, and in good health.

Bats, mice, beetles, and even little shining golden and silver worms appear among the flowers, feathers, and ribbons that trim bonnets and hats.

A Georgia farmer removed to Alabama and took his cow with him; a few days afterward she turned up at her old home, though ninety miles distant.

A Colorado horse walked into a lake, and, after wading in the shallow water a hundred yards from shore, lay down and drowned himself in water but two feet deep.

Flower sermons are very popular in England. The children take bouquets to the church, and in the midst of the services deliver them to the clergyman in the chancel.

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co., last fall for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.

WM. T. MCCLURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have large sale, and they are making remarkable cures. W. H. BISHOP & CO.

OLD SAYINGS.

As poor as a church mouse,
  As thin as a rail;
As fat as a porpoise,
  As rough as a gale;
As brave as a lion,
  As spry as a cat;
As bright as a sixpence,
  As weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock,
  As sly as a fox;
As mad as a March hare,
  As strong as an ox;
As fair as a lily,
  As empty as air;
As rich as a Cresus,
  As cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel,
  As neat as a pin;
As smart as a steel trap,
  As ugly as sin;
As dead as a door-nail,
  As white as a sheet;
As flat as a pancake,
  As red as a beet.

As round as an apple,
  As black as your hat;
As brown as a berry,
  As blind as a bat;
As mean as a miser,
  As full as a tick;
As plump as a partridge,
  As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny,
  As dark as a pall;
As hard as a mill-stone,
  As bitter as gall;
As fine as a fiddle,
  As clear as a bell;
As dry as a herring,
  As deep as a well.

As light as a feather,
  As firm as a rock;
As stiff as a poker,
  As calm as a clock;
As green as a gosling,
  As brisk as a bee;
And now let me stop
  Lest you weary of me.

—U. N. Nose.

Humorous.

An old dilapidated one is going the rounds with a piece of yellow paper pasted on the back of it, on which is written: "Go it, Bill; I'll back you."

"You seem sad and dejected to-night, Claude, dear." "Yes, darling; men of my emotional nature are easily affected by the frowns or smiles of fortune." His washerwoman had discharged him.

A naughty man, who had the contribution box "shoved under his nose" just after an appeal to strive to enter in at the straight gate, said that he supposed they wanted to make sure of their gate-money.

At a State dinner given by an African king last year, some boxes of American sugar-coated pills furnished the dessert. That was when the king was a little inclined to be green, but he can't be fooled again.

A small boy went to see his grandmother. After looking eagerly around the handsomely furnished room, where she sat, he exclaimed, inquiringly: "Oh, grandma, where is the miserable table papa says you keep?"

He was on the top of a stage, and he amused himself by cutting his name on the wood. "What are you doing?" said the driver. "Making my mark on the stage," answered he; but the driver didn't see the point, and said if he didn't stop he would put a mark on his eye.

The man who hammers his thumb-nail while putting down carpets, or who is violently caught under the chin by a clothes-line when he goes out in the yard after dusk, should remember that in the revised edition of the New Testament the words have been changed to "trades" and "condemnation."

"Mamma," said a little fellow, whose mother had fortunate him to draw horses and ships on the mahogany sideboard with a sharp nail, "mamma, this ain't a nice house. At Sam Hackett's we can cut the sofa, pull out the hair, and ride the shovel and tongs over the carpet; but here we can't get any run at all!"

The baby was doubled up with the cramps and yelling at the rate of a mile a minute, as the father and mother stood over the crib with the laudanum-bottle between them. "No, Marian," he said, gently, but firmly, "you pour it out; that child is growing so much like your mother that I can't trust myself."

When, from sedentary habits, the muscles are emaciated, and the digestive system disordered, the best method for restoring the patient to health and full weight, is for him to be charged with electricity, applied through the handle of a spade, a hoe, an axe, or some similar instrument. Apply it daily, and for some hours at a time.

There is one boy in Camden who will never be a musician. He is too independent. His teacher was trying to make him play the right notes, and said to him: "You must not reach away over there on the treble. That's not right." "I guess I'll reach where I please on this piano. We own this piano, I reckon. I'll put my feet on it if I take the notion."

"What shall we do with our daughters?" began the lecturer—a fair lady to look upon, by the way. "Judging from what I see before me," said a modest-appearing, middle-aged gentleman in the audience, "I should not suppose there need be any trouble about that question. A question more to the point would be, 'Have you enough of them to go 'round?'"

Some very queer objects are incorporated in the filling of the average five-cent cigar of the day. A red-hot trunk-nail dropped out of one the other day and burned a hole in the smoker's coat, but all the satisfaction he got when he complained about it to the cigar-maker, was: "Well, what do you expect? Do you want to get a Saratoga trunk in your cigar for five cents?"

Mr. Stickerly, a happy parent in Ohio, names his children "One," "Two," "Three," etc., as they arrive, without regard to sex.

Why Wear Plasters?

They may relieve, but they can't cure that lame back, for the kidneys are the trouble, and you want a remedy to act directly on their secretions, to purify and restore their healthy condition. Kidney-Wort has that specific action—and at the same time it regulates the bowels perfectly. Don't wait to get sick, but get a package to-day, and cure yourself. Either liquid or dry for sale at the druggists.—Binghamton Republican.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 650 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer St., Boston, Mass.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin, and removes all faults of the complexion. Try Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS.

Malaria is an Unseen Vaporous

Poison, spreading disease and death in many localities, for which quinine is no genuine antidote, but for the effects of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is not only a thorough remedy, but a reliable preventive. To this fact there is an overwhelming array of testimony, extending over a period of thirty years. All disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels are also conquered by the Bitters.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

TRADE KIDNEY-WORT MARK

THE ONLY MEDICINE
IS EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM
That Acts at the same time on
THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS.
WHY ARE WE SICK?
Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT
WILL SURELY CURE
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
PILES, CONSTIPATION, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,
by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why suffer Bilious pains and aches!
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation!
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys!
Why endure nervous or sick headaches!
Use KIDNEY-WORT and rejoice in health.

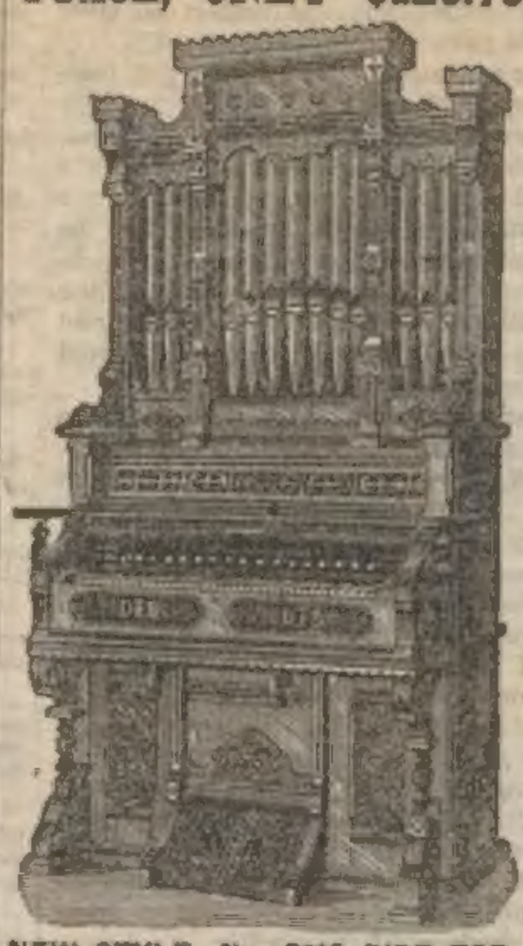
It is put up in **Dry Vegetable Form**, in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in **Liquid Form**, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it. It acts with equal efficiency in either form. GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs, (Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

BEATTY'S MIDSUMMER OFFERS.
Write for Beautiful Illustrated CATALOGUE, or order direct from this Advertisement.

PRICE, ONLY $126.75.



NEW STYLE, No. 2119 PIPE TOP.
It is Very Handsomely Cased, and contains 20 STOPS, 7 Full Sets Golden Tongue Reeds. Boxed, with stool, book and Music.
Price, only $126.75.

PRICE, ONLY $173.75.

NEW STYLE, No. 1019 Beautiful Drawing Room Upright Piano. 7 Octaves, Rosewood Case, Great Power; Fine, Action; Carved Trusses and Consoles; Best Iron Frame; All Improvements, with cover, stool, book and music. Fully warranted
Price, Only $173.75

Beatty's Factory.
Railroad Ave. & Beatty St.,
Washington, N. J., U. S. A.
Over THREE ACRES OF SPACE. Largest Works in the WORLD THAT SHIPS DIRECT.

MID-SUMMER OFFERS.
☞ Now is your time to order PIANOS and ORGANS. Having largely increased my facilities for manufacturing, my Mid-Summer Offers for 1881 are decidedly the lowest I have ever made.
☞ Send for full particulars. Special Low Prices Given on one hundred different instruments.
ORGANS, $30 to $500, 2 to 32 stops. Have you seen "BEATTY'S BEST" PARLOR ORGAN? It is a magnificent instrument, price only $107.75; "BEATTY'S 20-st. CHAPEL ORGAN, $97.75; The "LONDON," 18 stops, 5 full sets Reeds, only $65; THE "PARIS" now offered for $85. Other desirable new styles Now Ready.
PIANOS, Grand, Square and Upright, $125 to $1,000. Every instrument is fully warranted. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money refunded, after the instrument has been in use a year. Nothing can be fairer than this.

HOW TO ORDER: REMIT by Post Office Money Order, Bank Draft, Registered Letter or by Express Prepaid. Money refunded and freight charges paid both ways by me, if not as represented.

☞ Be sure to write for Illustrated Catalogue, before purchasing elsewhere.
VISITORS Are always Welcome.
☞ FIVE DOLLARS allowed to pay traveling Expenses to those who come and select instrument in person. FREE COACH, WITH POLITE ATTENDANT, MEETS ALL TRAINS. ☞ Entertainment during the day Free.
Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

Diamante Brilliants must not be confounded with the French paste and glass imitations, mounted in cheap gilt or plated settings, with which the country is flooded under the various fancy names given to so-called "imitation diamonds." **Diamante Brilliants** were exhibited side by side with real diamonds of great value at the Paris Exhibition and were awarded a Prize Medal, and the highest recompense awarded to imitations. They attracted universal admiration, and immediately took the place of, and were introduced with, costly diamond ornaments, and are now worn at the Court balls and upon all occasions among the best society in London, Paris, and all the capitals of Europe. **Diamante Brilliants** can be worn at all times, in daylight or gaslight, with perfect confidence and absolute security, as they possess all the brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to real diamonds, and are the only Positive Substitute for Diamonds of the first water. In their purity and brilliancy they bear comparison with old mine diamonds, and resemble them so closely that detection is almost impossible. They are superior in every respect to real diamonds of inferior quality. The investigations, experiments, and labor of two generations have been expended in bringing these remarkable jewels to their present state of perfection. They are produced chemically by a secret process, known only to the inventors, and they possess all the rare beauty of the gems they counterfeit.

PRESS OPINIONS OF DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS:

"Their lustre and brilliancy elicit universal admiration."—*Court Journal.*—"Products of perfect purity."—*Journal Society of the Arts.*—"Certainly far nearer in resemblance to real diamonds than anything we have seen."—*The Rockaway.*—"A great achievement."—*Land and Water.*—"The refractive power is equal to real diamonds of the purest water."—*World of Science.*—"They successfully fulfil all the purposes for which real diamonds (even of the first quality) are utilized."—*London Times.*—"Ladies who can afford to wear the real gem will henceforth reserve them for indoors, for since the advent of 'Diamante Brilliants' things are no longer what they seem."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The reputation of **Diamante Brilliants** is permanently established abroad, and we take great pleasure in bringing them prominently to the notice of Americans. To do so properly requires some nerve and a liberal outlay of capital. These magnificent stones are imported especially for us, and are set in SOLID GOLD, made in Philadelphia to our order, by one of the largest firms engaged in the manufacture of pure gold jewelry in this country. All the stones are set by professional diamond-setters, and as much skill bestowed upon them as with the previous stones. For the purpose of simplifying our business we are but three sizes of the New Diamonds. **The Ring, warranted solid gold, one-half karat stone. The Earrings, warranted solid gold, each 1 karat stone. The Stud, warranted solid gold, 2 karat stone.** The illustrations give an accurate outline of the style and setting, but no illustration or description can give an idea of their rare beauty. They must be seen to be appreciated. A Ring, same style and quality of setting, but with an inferior stone, has never been sold for less than $4.00. We can safely say the same of the Stud and Earrings, of inferior quality and style, have never been sold for less than $6.00. In London, to-day, Diamante Brilliants, same size stone and quality of setting, are selling for three to four times the prices named above, and we believe them well worth $8 each. SO MUCH FOR WORTH VALUE, AS WE WANT YOUR CHARITY CONSIDERATION.

"What! all this trouble and expense about a Premium for your paper?" Yes, indeed! We can't select a Premium that will please every body in a day, or a year, perhaps, yet we have expended as much time, thought, and labor on these—we are having the settings made, and the mounting under our own roof almost—we feel emphatically they will make every recipient happy. We are ambitious to give THE POST the largest circle of readers of any weekly on the Continent, and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. THE POST is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America—now in its sixteenth year—and our Superb Diamond Premium offer deserves more attention than the many tempting premiums of irresponsible parties. THE POST is a large, sixteen-page weekly, and aims to interest every member of the household. *At $2 a year it is the cheapest paper in existence to-day.* THIS IS NOT A CHEAP JEWELRY ADVERTISEMENT. We don't sell Diamante Brilliants! we Give them away to Subscribers, and to Club Raisers for THE POST.

READ TERMS ON PAGE 8.

THESE PREMIUMS ARE ALL SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—If the premiums are not as represented in every particular, return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. THE POST has never misled an issue, and as to our reliability we refer to any bank, express office, or reputable business house in Philadelphia. Size of finger can be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in a piece of cardboard.—Remittances may be made by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft.—Specimen copy of THE POST to any address on receipt of three-cent stamp. Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AUTOMATIC CABINET—PLAY ANY TUNE.
ORGANS from $5.
Music, &c. per foot. *Illustrated Catalogue free.*
THEO. J. HAIBACH, 609 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

RIDGE'S FOOD
THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD For Infants & Invalids. Used everywhere. Not a medicine, but a steam-cooked food, suited to the weakest stomach. Take no other. Sold by druggists. WOOLRICH & Co. on every label.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 18 useful stops, $65. 5 sets reeds, only $85. Pianos $125 up. ☞ Illustrated Catalogue FREE. Address, BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

40 Cards, all Chromo, Gilt and Floto in case, name in gold and jet 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Ct.

30 Lovely Moss Rose and Ass't Chromo Cards, name on 10c. American Card Co., West Haven, Conn.

Smithnight's
ASTHMA REMEDY
The Only Sure Remedy for ASTHMA and HAY FEVER, is sold under a positive guarantee. Price $1.00 per package. Sample package and testimonials free. *Address*
LOUIS SMITHNIGHT, Chemist, Cleveland, O.

CHEAPEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD
Hume's History of England, 1 Vol. 1200 pages, cloth; only $1.00
Hume's History of Eng. Literature, 1 Vol. 12mo, handsomely bound, for only 50 cts.
Our descriptive catalogue free.
MANHATTAN BOOK CO., 10 W. 14th St., N.Y. P.O. Box 4586.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Facetiæ.

No one can complain of cold feet now.

Never write the word "finis" backwards. It will be "sin if" you do.

It is well enough to be satisfied with your lot, but suppose there is a mortgage on it?

We are not all horse-jockeys, but we all become, sooner or later, patrons of the turf.

Never call a man empty-headed. Say he reminds you of a dilapidated contribution box.

A new kind of berry is being grown called the "Telegraph." An electric currant, probably.

Who says it's unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.

What kind of music does an excessive tobacco masticator remind one of? An over-chewer, of course.

Wealth may not bring happiness, perhaps, but it manages to make appearances agreeably deceptive.

A Brooklyn maiden wants to know how to avoid having a moustache come on her upper lip. Eat onions, sis.

"Gracious! wife," said a father, as he looked at his son William's torn trousers, "get that little Bill repeated."

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us!" mourned an old lady.

A Rhode Islander sat down to a feast of clams, saying: "I am an absent-minded kind of a man; stop me when I reach two hundred."

What is the greatest military charge on record?" asked the professor of history. And the absent-minded student answered, "Seventeen dollars for hack hire for self and girl, two hours."

He promised to cleave to her, and when they went to the theatre he came back between the acts with a piece of cork in his whiskers, she knew from the fragrance he exhaled that he had clove.

The Michigan Legislature did not pass the bill to restore capital punishment, and there isn't the slightest chance that any of the members will mount the gallows during the next two years. It is well to be safe.

A fashionable young man has acquired considerable fame as a musical bore on the violin. One night at a social gathering he announced that he was going to send for a violin and draw a few of Beethoven's symphonies out of it, as it were. To his amazement, all the gentlemen present volunteered to go for the fiddle, and up to date none of them have got back with it.

Regulate the Secretions.

In our endeavors to preserve health, it is of the utmost importance that we keep the secretory system in perfect condition. The well-known remedy, Kidney-Wort, has specific action on the kidneys, liver and bowels. Use it instead of dosing with vile bitters or drastic pills. It is purely vegetable, and is prompt but mild in action. It is prepared in both dry and liquid form, and sold by druggists everywhere.—Reading Eagle.

A REMARKABLE ENGLISH INVENTION.

THE LONDON GALVANIC GENERATOR,

A ROYAL REMEDY

Now offered to the American Public by

The Pall Mall Electric Ass'n, of London.

FRONT VIEW
THIS SIDE IS HANDSOMELY CHASED & RESEMBLES A LOCKET OR PENDANT. IT IS HIGHLY POLISHED AND MADE OF A BEAUTIFUL MATERIAL RESEMBLING EBONY.
EXACT SIZE

A great revolution in medical practice has spread throughout England. It has been discovered that most remarkable cures attend the application of a newly invented Galvanic Generator to diseased parts of the body. Experience has shown that they act immediately upon the blood, nerves and tissues, producing more relief in a few hours than medicine has given in weeks and months. There is no shock or unpleasant feeling attending their use, and they can be worn day or night, interfering in no way with the dress or occupation of daily life. Full directions accompany each one. Every mail brings us most gratifying letters from those using them.

THE GENERATOR QUICKLY CURES

Stomach, Liver & Kidney Complaints
Constipation, Gout, Debility, Heartburn, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Weak Stomach, Dyspepsia, Aches and Pains, Weak Back, Malaria, Chills & Fever, Nervous Troubles, Sciatica, Vertigo, Indigestion, & all their Complications.

There is no Waiting. It acts Immediately.

A Guarantee goes with every Generator,

OUR MOTTO being, "NO CURE, NO PAY."

BACK VIEW
SHOWING THE SURFACE OF THE METALLIC BATTERY OR GENERATOR WHICH SHOULD ALWAYS BE WORN NEXT TO THE BODY.
WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS
LONDON GALVANIC GENERATOR
PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASS'N OF LONDON, LIMITED

From a Railroad Contractor:—Boston, Mass., January 28th, 1881.—Bad digestion and dyspepsia, caused by hurried eating while traveling, has made me a sufferer for years. Your Generator has made me a well man, and I would advise others to try it. Please send me three more to General P. O., Galveston, Tex. Inclosed is $3. R. H. Sampson.

From the Rev. C. Q. Huntington:—Astor House, N. Y. City, Thursday.—While visiting your city, attending a meeting of our clergy, I was induced to buy your Generator for indigestion and dyspepsia, from which I have suffered for years. Nothing hitherto tried did me any good; but, believing in electricity, and having found an infallible cure for headache in Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush, I determined to buy a generator, which, I am glad to say, relieved me at once, and I now feel entirely cured. I shall lose no opportunity to recommend it, and take this method of thanking you. [Rev.] C. Q. Huntington.

From a Naval Officer:—Port Angeles, Wn., February 9th, 1881.—Your Generator has proved a blessing to me. I have been a great sufferer from liver trouble and constipation, but am now relieved entirely. I was doubtful at first, as I had tried all sorts of batteries and pads without effect. There is no trouble in wearing it, and it certainly is more agreeable than drugs. E. T. Crawford, U. S. N.

From Major A. H. Townsend:—Chicago, Ill., December 11th, 1880.—Your Generator is a wonder. It stopped my rheumatic pains in two hours, and it has not returned now in five weeks. I suffered for years, and am truly grateful. The second one has also relieved the pain in my wife's back, and she says it is worth its weight in gold. Inclosed find $7; please send two more for a friend. [Major] A. H. Townsend.

Many more could be printed, did space permit.

Having purchased the sole right to introduce them in America, we will **send them on trial, postpaid, on receipt of $1,** which will be returned, if they fail to relieve after a reasonable time. Inclose to us for registration. Remittance can be made in Check, Draft, Post Office Order, Currency or Stamps, and should be made payable to **GEO. A. SCOTT, No. 842 Broadway, New York** [*Mention this Paper*], or we will send them by Express, C. O. D., with the privilege of opening and examining, but the Express Charges will add considerably to your cost; or ask your Druggist to obtain them for you. Agents wanted in every town.

You have been imposed upon if you have bought a 'Battery,' 'Pad,' or 'Modal,' thinking it was the Generator

Its great success in England has Caused the Market to be Flooded with Cheap, Worthless Imitations. See that the Name "Pall Mall" is stamped on the Back.

THE WILSON PATENT ADJUSTABLE CHAIR,

With Thirty Changes of Positions.

READING POSITION.

Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed, or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity, and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped C. O. D. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular, and quote SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Address,

WILSON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR M'F'G. CO., 661 Broadway, New York.

C. G. STODDART,

Broker in Stocks

—AND—

Miscellaneous Securities,

312 STOCK EXCHANGE PLACE, PHILA.

Buys and Sells on Commission for Cash or Margin. All securities dealt in at the New York or Philadelphia Stock Exchanges. Oil certificates of the United and other Pipe lines bought or sold for cash, or on margin. Also deals in first-class Stock Privileges. $100 and upwards invested to the best advantage—according to the wishes of the sender. Correspondence solicited. Orders by mail or telegraph faithfully and promptly executed.

C. G. STODDART,
312 Exchange Place, Philada.

JUST WHAT YOU WANT

FUN FOR THE BOYS

Fine Mustaches made of genuine hair. Can be put on or off instantly. Lots of fun at the sudden change. Three colors, light, dark brown and black. MUSTACHES by mail 20 CTS., 3 for 50 CTS., GOATEES TO MATCH 15 CTS. EACH. Prof. Heller's Magical Trick Cards 10 cts. Trick Cigarette Case 25 cts. Re-Witched Tobacco Box 15 cts. Surprise Needle Watch Charm 30 cts. New Wooden Rat call 10 cts. Mechanical Grasshopper jumps 40 feet high 10 cents. Young's Great Book of 600 Secrets or how to make $175 a day without capital 50 cts. Perfect Etiquette or how to behave in society 25 cts. Gents Perfect Letter Writer 20 cts. Ladies' perfect Letter Writer 20 cts. Selections for Autograph Albums 10 cts. Secrets of Ancient and Modern Magic 25 cts. Old Gypsey Mader's Fortune Teller 25 cts. Mystery of Love Making Solved 25 cts. Horse Owners Guide 25 cts. Mirth of Fun for Funny Fellows 15 cts. Showman's Guide 15 cts. Our Knowledge Box or 614 Secrets and New Discoveries 25 cts. Nickel Plated 7 Shot Revolvers $1.00 best in the market. Watches best and cheapest in the world. A Watch free to those who become our agents. Send a trial order. Postage Stamps taken.

World M'f'g Co. 122 Nassau St. New York.

An Extraordinary Offer to Agents.—Goods Unsold Returned. If you are out of employment, and want to start in a business you can make from $3 to $10 a day clear, and take no risk of loss. We will send you on receipt of $11 goods that will sell readily in a few days for $25. If the agents fails to sell these goods in four days they can return all unsold to us, and we will return them their money. Can anything be fairer? We take all risk of loss, and the agent gets started in a business that will be permanent, and pay from $5.00 to $20.00 a year. Ladies can do as well as men. We want an agent in every county. Full particulars free. Address,

U. S. MANUFACTURING CO.,
118 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

WHITE GLYCERINE

Gives a Permanently BEAUTIFUL Complexion.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all spots, Impurities and Discolorations, either within or upon the Skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap, 2 cakes by mail 50c. Pearl's White Glycerine Co. Prop's Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER PACKAGE, 25 CTS. Makes five gallons of a delicious and sparkling beverage,—wholesome and temperate. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. Address, CHAS. E. HIRES, Manufacturer, 48 S. Delaware Av., Philadelphia, Pa.

This Invitation Is From John Wanamaker.

On visiting Philadelphia you will find, among other places of interest, the *Grand Depot* well worthy of a visit. Its floor and gallery spaces now cover over three acres, and are filled with Dry Goods, Carpets, China, Furniture, etc. The last addition is a large and beautiful *Picture Gallery*, to which admittance is free.

The *Pneumatic Tubes* carrying the money through the air, and the *Electric-Light Machinery*, are also worth seeing.

There is a *Lunch-Room* in the building. Valises, baskets and packages can be left in charge of attendant in Ladies' Waiting Room.

Mr. Wanamaker is desirous that visitors should feel at home when they come, and be free to purchase or not, as they please.

Note.—Our large Catalogue, with prices and full directions for shopping by mail from any part of the United States, will be mailed gratuitously upon request, address John Wanamaker, Grand Depot, Philadelphia.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists.

MADAME BOIVIN'S PILLS

FOR LADIES are a prompt and reliable remedy for regulating all derangements, curing weaknesses, inflammations, dragging pains, backache, headache, nervousness, irritable bladder, leucorrhœa, and all derangements originating in menstrual troubles. Prepared from the prescription that made the name of Boivin celebrated throughout all Europe. Nine-tenths of all the ladies suffer this; these pills will cure. Sent postpaid for $1 per box. SCIENTIFIC MEDICINE CO., Box 538, Buffalo, N. Y., sole American Agents.

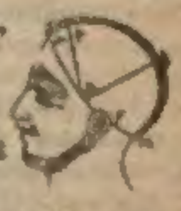
Ladies!

"NEUTRO-PILLENE" permanently removes superfluous hair in five minutes without pain, discoloration or injury.

"CLEOPATRA'S SECRET" quickly restores or develops the figure to proportions of perfect nature. Success guaranteed or money refunded. Send stamp for particulars. WILCOX CHEMICAL PREPARATION CO., 62 Spruce St., Philadelphia.

ONE Agent has averaged over $70 a week profit for two months selling **Dr. Tiffany's "Gems."** Don't waste time and effort, or complain for want of profitable business. **The Journal of Education** says, "If we were to select only one choice book for the home, we should unhesitatingly choose 'Gems for the Fireside.'" Send at once for full particulars regarding this NEW WORK, which is already BECOMING FAMOUS, and has proved the **touchstone of success** for every competent solicitor who has engaged with us. HUBBARD BROS., 723 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR



Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

50 Cards, Chromo, motto rose, etc., all new style, name on 10c. Sample 10c. G. A. SPRING, New Haven, Ct.

102 OCEAN SHELLS & CHROMO CARDS, no 2 alike, name on 10c. 50 for 60. 20 Gilt and Bevel Edge 10c. CLINTON & CO., North Haven, Conn.

50 Landscape, Sea-View, Motto, etc. Cards in case, with name, 10c. VANN & CO., Fairhaven, Ct.

Ladies' Department.

NEVER was a year so prolific in variety of hats and bonnets as this year. There is the Directory hat, the Gipsy hat, in coarse straw of every color, the *capote* so becoming to small heads, the Rembrandt, the Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the ordinary walking hat. Steel and jet are used in profusion to trim the generality of hats and bonnets, and flowers and feathers are equally employed. Watteau hats trimmed with wreaths of flowers are very pretty for quite young girls and children.

Coarse straw hats, with high pointed crowns, and large flat brims are worn for common wear. They are trimmed sometimes with puffs of feathers, called pompons, or with cords and tassels, or with a bayadere scarf or handkerchief, or with a wreath of feather tips placed all around the crown, with their points bending over the brim. The pompons are also placed in a wreath round the crown sometimes; or, only two are placed within the bows and loops of the bayadere scarf, or of the cord, which runs three or four times round the crown. The brim is lined with black or colored velvet, and is edged round with jet or steel beads, from which droops a fringe of lace to match.

Another easy way to trim a coarse straw hat is to turn the brim well back, in the front, and to crush it in at the sides. Then place a wreath of crushed roses round the brim, and cover this with a scarf of black Spanish lace, which droops over the remainder of the hat and crown, and is again brought forward in long end in the style of a Spanish mantilla.

Toques have steel or jet lace sewn round the brim, with the edge drooping downwards over the face. They are worn very forward and are very wide and broad looking.

It is a difficult matter to trace the origin of a mode when it first appears, and even as it gradually becomes more and more general, and it is not until a fashion has been universally accepted, that it is possible to look back and discover with whom it first began. In a great number of cases it will be found that the originator had not the slightest intention of starting any new mode, but having devised, either alone or with the help and advice of her confidante or friends, some style that happened to suit her figure and appearance, is much astonished to find, in the course of time, that the mode she adopted, because it suited some personal peculiarity, or helped to conceal some defect, has been seized on and copied by ladies to whom it is in no way becoming, to whom, in fact, almost any other mode would be infinitely more becoming. The production of a new play in any of the leading theatres in Paris is always an occasion for the display of new costumes, and criticisms on the dresses worn by the chief artistes are as important as are those on the play itself. The dresses then first seen are eagerly examined, admired, or censured, but most assuredly copied, whatever the verdict may be.

Pointed bodices, with paniers joined to the bodice by a pointed puffed band, and sleeves with puffings and gungings, are all the rage now; but many ladies, especially those with rather wide shoulders, and gifted with good taste and discretion, remain faithful to the plain coat or Marquise sleeve. Among some of the loveliest dresses lately produced, is one of blue foulard, the skirt covered with flounces of Valenciennes lace crossing each other in front, and the lower ones ornamented with butterfly bows of blue satin ribbon. The draped paniers are of blue foulard, but the pointed corsage is of grey surah, wrought all over with multi-colored beads; between the bodice and the paniers is the puffing of blue foulard, and the dress is finished off with a drapery of blue foulard round the neck, a deep collar of lace, and sleeves to the elbow with lace flounces and bows of ribbon. The chapeau to accompany the toilette is of fine white straw, with strings of blue surah and a large tuft of roses du roi, and a butterfly bow of blue satin ribbon in the midst of them.

Another charming toilette is of cream surah, the front of the skirt covered with draperies of Indian muslin, embroidered and edged with old point lace. The Louis XIV. bodice is of shot golden bronze silk, with paniers and a small puff, a flat bow of pink satin ribbon draping the puff on the right side. The Marquise sleeves are ornamented with lace flounces and pink bows, and a fichu of embroidered muslin is draped round the open front of the bodice. A second toilette of cream faille has the skirt covered with deep flounces of antique embroidery, rounded in front and raised at the sides. The bodice is of striped shaded red and bronze moire, with a scarf of the same draped round the edge, and falling in very long ends on each side of the back of the edge, and falling in very long ends on each side of the back of the skirt, which is covered with flots and loops of lace. The open bodice and elbow sleeves are also trimmed with lace.

Amongst dressy outdoor toilettes, the following are worthy of note: The first is a costume of dark periwinkle-colored satin merveilleux; the front is a series of narrow flounces of crepe lisse, finely pleated and edged with a hem and narrow blonde to match. The skirt over this is of sicilienne, and forms a redingote opening over the flounced front. The bodice in front shows a wide band of moire, and jabot of colored lace; the back is cut with basques. A flot of very narrow moire ribbon is fastened on one shoulder, the ends falling on the bodice. A small capot is of crepe lisse to match, gathered round and round in snail-shell fashion, and ornamented with a plume of coral-colored feathers. Another dress is of black satin merveilleux, the short skirt trimmed at the edge with five narrow flounces bordered with lace, and the upper part gathered all round. The Louis XIV. corsage, with flat basques, is finished off with a jet embroidered fichu, and the Leandre hat of black straw is encircled with feathers, a little humming-bird being placed on one side.

A charming toilette of black mousseline de soie, with satin brocke flowers, is trimmed with flounces of pleated lace over grenat ribbon, and the polonaise tunic is draped with grenat bows; the visite is of mousseline de soie, lined with black surah, and the Fanchon chapeau, in jet and grenat, has a plume of red and black feathers. A costume of striped brown and grenat materini, veined with gold, is also new and stylish. The bodice is cut with the stripes on the cross; the plain skirt, with panels, opens over narrow red and brown flounces: the upper part is of brown satin merveilleux, gauged, and formed into a puff with a striped scarf. The Kitty Bell chapeau is of brown straw, with a wreath of pink geranium studded with golden flies, and brown strings lined with red.

The pretty toilettes of surah and satin merveilleux, so much worn, are far from expensive, as the foundation skirt is always made of some light but serviceable fabric, such as silk, alpaca, or satine. A toilette of Marguerite blue surah has the skirt bordered with four very narrow pleated flounces; above these are an equal number of deep bouillonnes, arranged to fall in scallops, and drawn in at intervals under satin ribbon in a deeper shade, which disappears under the plain part of the bouillonne. The bodice is of surah, finely pleated from the shoulder to the waist.

Fireside Chat.

DISHES MADE OVER.—[CONCLUDED.]

BEEF OLIVES are no novelty to the ear, but it is a novel thing to find them satisfactory to the palate.

Take some stale bread crumbs, an equal quantity of beef finely chopped, some parsley, and thyme; a little scraped ham if you have it, a few chives, or a slice of onion, all chopped small as possible; put some butter in a pan, and let this force-meat just simmer, not fry, in it for ten minutes. While this is cooking, cut some underdone oblong slices of beef about half an inch thick, hack it with a sharp knife on both sides; then mix the cooked force-meat with a yolk of an egg and a tablespoonful of gravy; put a spoonful of this paste in the centre of each slice of meat and tie it up carefully in the shape of an egg. Then if you have some nice gravy, thicken it with a piece of butter rolled in flour, roll each olive slightly in flour and lay it in the gravy and let it very gently simmer for half an hour. A few chopped oysters added to the gravy will be a great addition. Or you may lay each olive on a thin slice of fat pork, roll it up, tie it, dip in flour, and bake in a quick oven until beautifully brown.

To Warm over Cold Mutton.—An excellent and simple way is to cut it, if loin, into chops, or leg, into thick collops, and dip each into egg well beaten with a tablespoonful of milk, then in fine bread crumbs and fry in plenty of very hot fat.

If your crumbs are not very fine and even, the larger crumbs will fall off, and the appearance be spoilt. These chops will be almost as nice, if quickly fried, as fresh cooked ones. They will also be excellent if, instead of being breaded, they are dipped into thick batter (see recipe) and fried brown in the same way. This method answers for any kind of meat, chicken thus warmed over being especially good. The batter, or egg and bread-crumbs form a sort of crust which keeps it tender and juicy. Any attempt to fry cold meat without either results in a hard, stringy uneatable dish.

Devilled Meat.—This is a good dish, especially for breakfast or lunch.

For this dish, take a pair of turkey or chicken drumsticks or some nice wedges of underdone beef or mutton, score them deeply with a knife and rub them over with a sauce made thus: A teaspoonful of vinegar, the same of Harvey or Worcestershire sauce, the same of mustard, a little cayenne, and a tablespoonful of salad oil, or butter melted; mix all till like cream, and take care your meat is thoroughly moistened all over with the mixture, then rub your gridiron with butter. See that the fire is clear, and while the gridiron is getting hot, chop a teaspoonful of parsley very fine, mix it with a piece of butter the size of walnut, and lay this in a dish which you will put to get hot. Then put the meat to be grilled on the fire and turn often, so that it will not burn; when hot through and brown, lay it in the hot dish, lay another hot dish over it, and serve as quickly as possible with hot plates.

Or the grill may be served with what is called Mephistophelian sauce, which is especially designed for serving with devilled meats. Chop six shallots or small onions, wash and press them in the corner of a clean cloth, put them in a stew-pan with half a wineglass of chili vinegar (pepper sauce), a chopped clove, a tiny bit of garlic, two bay leaves, an ounce of glaze; boil all together ten minutes; then add four tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce, a little sugar, and ten of broth thickened with roux (or water will do if you have no broth).

It will be remarked that in many French recipes a little sugar is ordered. This is not meant to sweeten, or even be perceptible; but it enriches, softens, tones, as it were, the other ingredients as salt does.

Soyer's Fritadella (twenty recipes in one).—Put half a pound of bread-crumb to soak in a pint of cold water; take the same quantity of any kind of roast, or boiled meat, with a little fat, chop it fine, press the bread in a clean cloth to extract the water; put in a stew-pan two ounces of butter, a tablespoonful of chopped onions; fry two minutes and stir, then add the bread, stir and fry till rather dry, then the meat; season with a teaspoonful of salt, half of pepper, and a little grated nutmeg, and lemon peel; stir continually till very hot, then add two eggs, one at a time; mix well and pour on a dish to get cold. Then take a piece, shape it like a small egg, flatten it a little, egg and bread-crumb it all over, taking care to keep in good shape. Do all the same way, then put into a frying-pan a quarter of a pound of lard or dripping, let it get hot, and put in the pieces, and saute (or as we call it "fry") them a fine yellow brown. Serve very hot with a border of mashed potatoes, or any garniture you fancy. Sauce piquant, or not, as you please.

The above can be made with any kind of meat, poultry, game, fish, or even vegetables; hard eggs, or potatoes, may be introduced in small quantities, and they may be fried instead of sauteed (frying in the French and strict sense, meaning as I need hardly say, entire immersion in very hot fat.) To fry them you require at least two pounds of fat in your pan.

Pastry Tablets.—Cut strips of paste three inches and a half long, and an inch and a half wide, and as thick as a twenty-five cent piece; lay on half of them a thin filmy layer of jam or marmalade, not jelly; then on each lay a strip without jam, and bake in a quick oven. When the paste is well risen and brown, take them out, glaze them with white of egg and sugar, and sprinkle chopped almonds over them; return to the oven till the glazing is set and the almonds just colored; serve them hot or cold on a napkin piled log-cabin fashion.

Grangipane Tartlets.—One quarter pint of cream, four yolks of eggs, two ounces of flour, three macaroons, four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, the peel of a grated lemon, and a little citron cut very fine, a little brandy and orange-flower water. Put all the ingredients, except the eggs, in a saucepan—of course you will mix the flour smooth in the cream first—let them come to a boil slowly, stirring to prevent lumps; when the flour smells cooked, take it off the fire for a minute, then stir the beaten yolks of eggs into it. Stand the saucepan in another of boiling water and return to the stove, stirring till the eggs seem done—about five minutes, if the water boils all the time. Line patty pans with puff paste, and fill with grangipane and bake. Ornament with chopped almonds and meringue, or not, as you please.

It is very difficult to make fine puff paste in warm weather, and almost impossible without ice; for this reason I think the brioche paste preferable; but if it is necessary to have it for any purpose, you must take the following precautions:

Have your water iced; have your butter as firm as possible by being kept on ice till the last moment; make the paste in the coolest place you have, and under the breeze of an open window, if possible; make it the day before you use it, and put it on the ice between every "turn," as each rolling out is technically called; then leave it on the ice, as you use it, taking pieces from it as you need them, so that the warmth cannot soften the whole at once, when it would become quite unmanageable. The condition of the oven is a very important matter, and I cannot do better than transcribe the rules given by Gouffe, by which you may test its fitness for any purpose:

Put half a sheet of writing paper into the oven; if it catches fire it is too hot; open the dampers and wait ten minutes, when put in another piece of paper; if it blackens it is still too hot. Ten minutes later put in a third piece; if it gets dark brown the oven is right for all small pastry. Called "dark brown paper heat." Light brown paper heat is suitable for vol-au-vents or fruit pies. Dark yellow paper heat for large pieces of pastry or meat pies, pound cake, bread, etc. Light yellow paper heat for sponge cake, meringues, etc.

To obtain these various degrees of heat, you try paper every ten minutes till the heat required for your purpose is attained. But remember that "light yellow" means the paper only tinged; "dark yellow," the paper the color of ordinary pine wood; "light brown" is only a shade darker, about the color of nice pie-crust, and dark brown a shade darker, by no means coffee color.

Correspondence.

C. E. V., (Goshen, Mo.)—Nothing that we are aware of, short of a surgical operation, will remove moles. You had better let them alone.

Aqua, (Carlisle, Pa.)—John Fitch invented a boat propelled by steam, and experimented with it on the Delaware river years before Robert Fulton made his famous trip in the Clermont.

Smitherson, (Cook, Ill.)—"Mizpah" is accepted as meaning "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent from one another." "Unica mea," "mine own one;" and "Astore," "darling."

C. C., (Wauregan, Conn.)—Having lived over five years in the State, you are entitled to your papers. Make application to your county court. There is no need of bothering about the papers you took out here.

Reader, (St. Louis, Mo.)—Gimli, in Norse mythology, is a great hall at the world's southern end, brighter than the sun. It will stand when heaven and earth have passed away, and good and upright men will inhabit the place to all eternity.

Reb, (Baton Rouge, La.)—John Wilkes Booth was shot by Boston Corbett. His body was delivered to his relatives, and now lies buried in the family plot in Baltimore, Md. 2. Dr. Mudd was pardoned by President Johnson. 3. John Surratt was acquitted.

Lena Mac, (New London, Conn.)—"Do you think seventeen years is too young to marry?" A great many young ladies have married at seventeen, and in some instances the marriages have turned out well. But, as a rule, it would probably be better for young ladies not to marry at such an early age.

M. A. H., (Yazoo City, Miss.)—Rome is called the Eternal City from the fact that it is the oldest city, in the full sense of the word, now in existence. While others have died, it remains strong and flourishing, apparently defying the assaults of time. The word Rome in Greek means "strength."

Ped, (Erie, Pa.)—A present from a lady to a gentleman should, if possible, show the lady's appreciation of some taste of his. If it be a book, select that subject which you know will make it valuable in his eyes; or, if the gift be the creation of her own ready fingers, it will be the more acceptable if of real use.

C. H., (Horace, Iowa.)—We do not know, but think it is somewhere in Massachusetts, either Boston or Worcester. You might ascertain by writing to the postmaster of either city. 2. So far as we know he is entirely reliable. 3. The Banner of Light, Boston, Mass., Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill., Mind and Matter, Philadelphia, Pa.

Juvenis, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The most ordinary way of raising sunken vessels is by means of lighters and chains. Divers pass the chains under the ship's bottom, and then they are fastened to the lighters, which being laden are emptied, and thus the ship is attempted to be floated by their buoyancy. But there are several modes, and steam now plays an important part in the operation.

John Lyon, (Washington, Mo.)—"One of my failings is slowness of speech, but I would like to overcome that, as well as timidity and bashfulness in the presence of the fair sex. Can you tell me a way to improve my voice and learn how to talk fast and more distinctly, and be less timid and bashful?" The young ladies are not afraid of you, are they? Why should you be afraid of them?

Historicus, (Windsor, Vt.)—"The Middle Ages" may be called that period in the history of Europe which begins with the final destruction of the Roman Empire, and is considered by some to end with the taking of Constantinople, by others with the Reformation, the invention of printing, etc. According to Hallam, who wrote a history of this period, it extends from the invasion of France by Clovis, A. D. 486 to that of Charles VIII., in 1498.

I. C. B., (Little Rock, Ark.)—The moon appears larger on rising on account of the greater refraction of its light, when looked at horizontally, or nearly so. The surface of the moon, when seen through a telescope, presents the appearance of a huge lump of coke. The bright lights and shadows which you could not understand, are the hills and hollows, the mountain tops and deep valleys which cover its entire surface. 2. We do not think that there is a sewing-needle factory in the United States, although there is a factory at Brockton, Mass., where machine needles are made. 3. Yes, such a lens would be the best for small work.

Sage, (Barnstable, Mass.)—To be miserable in case you are left an old maid is peculiar to most young women, especially if they have reached the age of twenty-two and have never had an offer of marriage. But you should not give yourself up to despair. For a lady to exhibit too much anxiety in that direction is but to injure her chances of marriage. Young men do not like to be forced "to come to the scratch." Be watchful, observant, discreet, honest, kind and true in your intercourse with young men, and if that does not in time gain for you a suitable husband make up your mind that you had better live to be an old maid than have recourse to any other means.

Alice Dale, (Strafford, N. H.)—No; the moment a person receives a present, it is as absolutely his or her own property as if the article had been paid for. But although there is no law to compel a lady to return presents received from a gentleman after she has broken off her engagement with him, or vice versa, it is very often done voluntarily. After a gentleman has deceived a lady her hatred of him is generally so hearty that she cannot bear to have anything in her possession that once belonged to him. But this is mere pride and self-assertion. If you can overcome such feelings, you should stick to the presents, at least if they are of any considerable value. All the presents he may have given you is not too much by way of balm to your injured feelings and your prospects in life.

Mrs. W., (Farmingdale, N. J.)—1. The Christian name of Queen Victoria's husband was Albert; his family name Wettin. 2. The word "quiz" means to puzzle or perplex. A very curious account of its origin is given in the dictionaries. A Dublin actor, sometime in the last century, made a bet that he would puzzle the whole city within twenty-four hours. The bet was taken, and that night he caused the word "Quiz" to be written in chalk on walls, fences, etc., all over Dublin. The people naturally wondered over it, and thus it arose and has come down to us. Sometimes the term is used to signify a sort of examination of modest students. 3. Both writing and composition are good. 4. An eagle nickel cent of 1856 is worth from 50 cents to $1.25, according to condition.